

ADULTS
\$6.95

NEW BOOK
October 1982

Blow The Man Down

by Jason Bonds



CHAPTER ONE

“Fuck your cum up my ass, man! Please?” Damon begged when Lucky Donovan’s big glistening prick slithered wetly from his mouth.

“What’s the matter?” Lucky laughed as he sat astride the boy’s face and jacked off. “That cock-hungry asshole of yours miss me while I was ashore?”

“For sure,” Damon murmured, kissing the hairy balls that were bouncing against his chin. He looked cross-eyed at the huge cock that jutted above his face. “Nobody on this tub can fuck ass like you can, Lucky.”

“Bullshit,” Lucky said, playfully slapping the handsome youth’s face with his wet prick. “I bet Cotton and Shawn kept your little ass hot for me while I was in Clearwater. I know those guys!”

“I didn’t say I’d been doing without,” Damon said with a devilish grin. He flicked his tongue out and lapped an emerging dewdrop of pre-cum from the tip of Lucky’s cock. “Anyway, you were in Clearwater, and we were here in Tampa.” He wrapped his arms around the hunky stud’s naked hips. “Sure, I’ve been fucking with the rest of the crew. So what else is new?”

“No sweat,” Lucky smiled, rubbing the head of his cock against Damon’s closed lips. “Long as I’m still your favorite.”

“Oh, yeah!” Damon said enthusiastically.

When the boy opened his mouth to speak, Lucky thrust his cock between his lips, filling the cute youth’s mouth with hard cock-meat.

“Suck it just a little,” Lucky said anxiously. “Then I’ll fuck your ass good. Okay?”

“Mmm-hummm!” Damon agreed happily.

He raised his head, fucking Lucky’s colossal cock between his soft lips until he felt the cockhead plunge against the back of his throat. Twisting his head from side to side rapidly, Damon worked the blunt cock-knob into the tight channel of his throat until he could take no more. Still his ovaled lips were nowhere near the thick base of Lucky’s prick.

“Ohhh, yeahhh!” Lucky breathed excitedly as he raised up onto his knees and began fucking the boy’s mouth slowly. “Suck that cock, baby.”

Faint light from a porthole illuminated the two naked young men’s bodies on a bunk bed in the Apollo’s below-deck cabin. The big tuna boat rocked gently, creaking and groaning as a light swell caused it to tug at its moorings. Sunshine glinting off the water outside caused kaleidoscopic patterns of light on the cabin’s ceiling.

While he enjoyed having his mouth fucked full of Lucky’s massive cock-meat, Damon looked up adoringly at his beautiful lover, caressing his brawny body with sensitive fingertips. Lucky was so incredibly handsome and sexy that he never quite seemed real to Damon, even when they were fucking.

Lucky Donovan was a god-like creature whose exquisite physical perfection attracted attention wherever he went. He had dark-blond shaggy hair that was somewhat curly, and his handsome face was made mysterious by his huge brown eyes. His dark eyes, which resembled the innocent eyes of a fawn, were his most outstanding feature — and those deer-like eyes gave him a fraudulent look of naivete.

But, at twenty-two, Lucky was anything but naive. A reformed drug dealer, he had spent more time in jail than on the streets before joining the crew of the Apollo. On probation now, he was trying to prove he could make an honest living as a tuna fisherman in an effort to avoid a long prison term.

Damon relaxed his throat muscles and allowed Lucky’s long cock-lance to fuck deeper. Lucky’s hips were lurching wildly, causing his prick to savagely plunder his teenaged lover’s throat. His energetic fucking and the humid Florida heat caused his muscle-bound body to film over with glistening sweat.

Lucky loved the way Damon ran his hands sensuously over his glossy flesh, seeking out his most sensitive spots with delicately exploring fingers. He knew the boy worshiped his body. Lucky was accustomed to being a sex object. But Damon’s adoration went beyond the physical, encompassing all that Lucky Donovan was and all that he might someday be — and that made Damon’s love very special to Lucky.

Grasping Lucky's firmly rounded asscheeks, Damon angled his neck to permit even more of the colossal prick to penetrate into the depths of his tight throat. The brownish-blonde thatch of the big stud's crotch hair tickled the boy's nose with every fuck-thrust, and he could feel Lucky's heavy balls slapping against his chin every time the cock fucked down his throat. He squeezed his hunky lover's buns to signify his pleasure.

While Lucky fucked Damon's mouth mercilessly, the boy reached up to caress the suntanned abdomen that lurched above his face. He explored the scalloped ridges of hard muscle that gave Lucky's abdomen such an erotic appearance, then reached higher to press both palms against the guy's prominently squared pectoral mounds. Lucky's smooth hard flesh was slimy with perspiration, and Damon rubbed his flattened hands all over his broad chest, drawing his fingers slowly down the sexy crevice between the huge pectorals. He traced a path down past Lucky's navel and into the tangle of wiry hair surrounding the base of his prick.

Light from the porthole illuminated the sparse blonde hair on Lucky's muscular legs, causing the downy hair to glitter against the deep tan of his skin.

Damon cupped his studly lover's pendulous balls in his hands while the cock continued to plunder his mouth. Lucky's balls were heavy, laden with a cum-load that the boy wanted fucked up his ass. As much as he loved sucking cock, Damon's insatiable ass demanded attention — and Lucky's foot-long fucker was just what he needed.

Pressing his hands hard against Lucky's belly, Damon pushed him away forcefully. Lucky's gigantic prick slurped from the boy's mouth and sprang upward, the thickly veined cock-shaft glistening obscenely as it bobbed above his face.

“My ass, damn it!” Damon blurted between gasps for air. “Fuck my ass — like you promised, man.”

“You horny little bastard,” Lucky said with a lascivious grin as he moved downward and lowered himself atop the teenager's naked body. “What the hell did you do for cock before I came along?”

“I never knew what I'd been missing till you came along with that horse-cock of yours,” Damon smiled as he enveloped Lucky's broad

shoulders with his long arms. “You got me spoiled rotten.”

“Good,” Lucky said as he settled his weight onto the slender youth’s body. “Let’s keep it that way.”

Lucky pressed his soft, sensuous lips against Damon’s mouth and their tongues entwined. While the two young men indulged in a mouth-wallowing kiss, Damon ran his hands feverishly over his lover’s thickly muscled back. His fingertips glided smoothly on a film of sweat as he moved his hands down to Lucky’s bug manly ass. Grasping the guy’s firm buns, the boy squirmed beneath his weight until he maneuvered his studly lover’s super-cock between his thighs. Lucky wiggled his ass, pushing the wet tip of his prick against Damon’s anxious asshole.

“Eeewww!” Damon gasped into Lucky’s mouth. “Mmmm!”

The hot youngster threw his legs up at the first contact of Lucky’s cock-knob against his asshole, hunching his ass upward in an effort to fuck the cock into his cock-starved butt. He locked his long legs around the big stud’s narrow waist, squirming in a delirious frenzy of anticipation as the blunt head of the prick began to part his sphincter. But the welcome cock was withdrawn.

“Fuck me, you son of a bitch!” Damon cried out, pounding on Lucky’s brawny back with clenched fists. “Give it to me!”

Teasing the boy by keeping his cockhead barely touching the sensitive flesh of his ass-ring, Lucky smiled indulgently as he looked down into the kid’s anguished face.

“Only if you’ll suck yourself off while I fuck you,” Lucky said.

“Aw, man!” Damon protested. “You know that’s hard on my back. I don’t like to do that.”

“Come on, Damon,” the gorgeous stud persisted. “I like it when we fuck that way. It’s such a turn-on!” He nudged his cock gently against the boy’s asshole. “Please?”

“Oh, all right,” Damon finally agreed.

Lucky scooted backward, sitting on his haunches astride Damon’s legs. He caressed the youth’s slender but muscular thighs, taking a moment to

appreciate his lover's good looks.

At eighteen, Damon West was in his prime. He was a pretty boy, with soft brown hair that covered his ears and swept down in bands on his forehead. He had blue eyes, and sensitive facial features that gave him a boyish kind of charm. Thick masculine lips prevented his delicate features from looking girlish. Damon's body was lithe and trim, and his legs and arms were generously covered with fine brown hair.

Lucky curled his fingers around Damon's semi-hard prick, which rose from an unusually dense patch of brownish pubic hair. He slowly jacked the boy's stiffening cock, licking his lips unconsciously at the sight of the dewy-fresh pink cockhead that flared above his clasping fingers.

Bending down, Lucky licked the head of Damon's cock lovingly, running his hot moist tongue-tip all around the boy's prick stiffened to full hardness in his fist. Then he ovalled his lips and took the cock into his mouth, sucking down onto the cock-shaft quickly.

"Ummm, that feels great," Damon breathed as he ran his fingers through Lucky's shaggy hair. "But let's get on with the fucking."

His mouth full of prick, Lucky looked up along Damon's youthful body and smiled. Coming up off the boy's cock, he licked down around his furry balls while he grasped each of his thighs and lifted his long legs. As he elevated Damon's legs, Lucky slithered his tongue down into the boy's hairy ass-crevice. Then, holding Damon's long legs aloft, the big stud began to eat his ass.

"Oh yeah!" Damon sighed, delighting in the way Lucky was titillating his sensitive asshole with his hot tongue. "Do it!"

When his tongue fucked effortlessly into Damon's flabby asshole, Lucky knew the kid had been getting plenty of fucking in his absence. Damon's recently fucked asshole was lax and gaped open, revealing the pinkish inner flesh when Lucky withdrew his probing tongue.

"Looks like Cotton and Shawn had one helluva good time while I was in Clearwater," Lucky said, peering between Damon's elevated legs at his cute face. "Your asshole's like mush."

Damon grinned mischievously. “Well, hell — I had to do something to keep my butt ready for that big fucker of yours. So I just sorta kept in practice with the rest of the crew.”

“Practicing, huh?” Lucky laughed. Then he began to lick up and down Damon’s exposed ass-crack with long, rapid strokes. “You’re just cock-crazy.”

“Yeahhhhhh cock-crazy,” Damon admitted dreamily as he squirmed his upthrust ass against Lucky’s beautiful face. “But your big old horse-cock’s still my favorite.”

The dark curly hair in Damon’s ass-crevice clung to his skin in wet swirls as Lucky’s busy tongue set it. Abruptly, he stopped his sweeping up-and-down strokes and fucked his tongue deeply into the gaping pink opening of the boy’s asshole. Clamping his lips around Damon’s hairy ass-ring, Lucky swallowed his tongue within the kid’s ass-guts. Every time he ate Damon’s sweet ass, Lucky thought of all the hundreds of cocks that must have discharged gallons of hot cum into that insatiable fuck-hole... and knowing it turned him on even more.

“Oh, god!” Damon blurted, drawing his knees back against his chest and thrilling to the deep tongue-fucking. “Eat that ass, man! Eat it out!”

Spurred on by Damon’s obvious excitement, Lucky sucked at his asshole with lewd slurping sounds while he swirled his tongue across the interior membranes of his ass-channel. And, while he slurped hungrily at his young lover’s butt, he began jacking his own cock, which was hard and tingling with need.

Unable to restrain himself any longer, Lucky withdrew his tongue from Damon’s ass and moved upward, clambering atop the teenager’s upthrust butt and pressing his cockhead against the soft moist opening of his asshole.

Damon’s blue eyes widened when he felt the thick wedge of the big stud’s cockhead nudging his asshole. He draped his legs over Lucky’s broad shoulders and stared at his handsome face intently as he held his breath and waited for the massive impalement he knew would come any moment.

Lucky lowered his blonde lashes, partially concealing his big brown eyes in an expression calculated to melt the heart of his young lover. “You want it!”

“All of it,” Damon whispered, raising his head to kiss the gorgeous stud briefly. “Fuck it to me.”

Suddenly, Damon felt Lucky’s huge cock-knob plunge into his ass, spreading his sphincter grossly. He sucked in a quick breath as Lucky fucked forward, driving his gigantic cock-lance into his shocked guts in one horrendous fuck-thrust. The big stud didn’t let up until his balls were mashed against the boy’s ass.

“Uuunnng!” Damon gasped.

His tongue lolled out and his eyes rolled in response to the ghastly pain that seared up into his belly as Lucky Donovan’s horse-cock filled his guts to capacity. He switched his head violently from side to side while Lucky held his position, keeping his giant cock fucked in to the balls.

Damon had thought he was prepared for Lucky’s super-cock, but now he realized he should have known better. It would have taken a telephone pole to have prepared his ass for such a fucking. Despite his recent fucking with the other crew members aboard the Apollo, the youth was out of practice when it came to taking Lucky’s prick up his ass.

“You okay?” Lucky asked quietly, suddenly perceiving that Damon’s reaction was more extreme than usual.

“No, it’s horrible,” Damon whined. “But I love it!”

“You crazy kid,” Lucky smiled as he began to fuck slowly.

“Oooohhh!” Damon gasped, grabbing the brawny hunk’s naked hips and attempting to halt his fucking motions. “Wait a second! Just take it slow and easy for a minute, man. Shit! It sure didn’t take me long to get out of shape.”

Lucky bent down again and kissed the cute youngster on the lips. “It won’t take long to get you back in shape, either.”

Gradually, Damon’s ass adjusted to the massive invasion of cock-meat and the burning pain transformed into a pleasurable sensation. He relaxed and began to enjoy the feeling of a prick fucking so deeply into his ass that he halfway expected it to emerge from his mouth. Lucky’s gigantic cock was stimulating places in his ass-guts where no other cock ever reached, quickly sending him soaring into oblivious ecstasy. He began to gyrate his

upturned butt against Lucky's hard, flat belly, churning the super-cock deeply within his ass.

"Lemme see you suck your own cock now," Lucky whispered as he maneuvered farther upward.

Keeping his cock embedded in Damon's ass, Lucky soon had the boy bent almost double. Damon's drooling cockhead dangled near his mouth and he bent his neck in an effort to reach it, but still couldn't quite bring his lips in contact with his cock. Lucky let more of his weight come to bear on Damon's butt, pressing the boy's crotch downward.

His back straining under Lucky's weight, Damon finally closed his lips over the head of his own cock. Tasting his own pre-cum, he swirled his tongue about his cockhead, stimulating himself into a full hard-on, which soon provided the additional length needed. Now he was sucking his own cock avidly.

The big blonde stud began to fuck slowly, straining his powerful legs to maintain the awkward position atop the boy's ass. He was incredibly turned on by the sight of Damon sucking his own prick while he fucked him.

Damon, meanwhile, had an extraordinary view of the action from his contorted viewpoint. While he sucked his own cock, he could see his balls draping downward against the base of his downthrust cock-shaft. And, just beyond his hairy balls, he could see — not far from his face — Lucky's colossal prick fucking in and out of his grossly stretched asshole. The big cock was glossy with fuck-juices, and he saw how the raw pink flesh of his ass-ring was turned inside out every time the cock slithered out... and how the ass-flesh was shoved back in on every downward fuck-lunge.

The nastiness of seeing all this so near his face made the teenager so hot he wanted to cum immediately. He began sucking voraciously on his prick, thrilling himself with his own lips and tongue while he watched Lucky's slimy cock plundering his hairy asshole.

Within seconds, the horny youngster saw his furry balls drawing up and felt a stupendous climax building in his loins. He swirled his tongue on his cock-knob and bobbed his head, causing his ovalled lips to race up and down his rigid prick-shaft. In the next instant, his cock was tingling and felt

as if it might be buzzing as the cum rushed from his balls, surging through the core of his prick.

Cum burst forth within Damon's sucking mouth with such force that displaced air flared his nostrils as the immense cum-load filled his mouth. Milky streams of jism overflowed his lips, drooling down the sides of his face toward his ears as he sucked and gulped, perversely savoring the flavor of his own cum.

Seeing the boy's white jism gurgling from his lips excited Lucky into blasting his cum-load. He kept fucking Damon's upturned butt rapidly while he pumped his ass full of hot cum. The big stud's cum foamed out around his steadily fucking cock, running down Damon's drooping balls and dripping warmly onto his face to mingle with the jism overflowing his cock-stuffed mouth.

Damon moaned around his own cock when he saw Lucky's cum running down over his balls and dripping in long sticky strands onto his face. He could feel the gigantic cock in his ass belching torrents of jism into his guts, and it thrilled him to see that huge prick plunging in and out of his cum-filled asshole, forcing milky gushes of jism from within his ass-guts on every downstroke.

Soon, the boy's cute face was drenched in glistening cum that had overflowed his asshole and his mouth. His back was hurting and his cock had ceased spurting cum. But he continued to suck on his prick and to enjoy the stuffed and flooded sensation of having Lucky's cock buried to the hilt in his ass.

Exhausted from the hard fucking, Lucky slithered his long cock-lance from the boy's asshole. As he withdrew the thick wedge of his prick-knob, a profuse upheaval of cum gushed forth from Damon's asshole, which was gaping open like an obscene crater erupting in white lava. The new flood of molten jism flowed down over Damon's hairy balls, onto his cock-shaft and downward to his oval lips, where it pooled momentarily before flowing slowly down the sides of his face.

When Lucky climbed off, removing his weight from Damon's doubled-over body, the boy was no longer able to maintain his contorted position. His cock slurped from his sucking mouth as his legs sprang upward. For a

moment, a long thin thread of cum connected the tip of his spent cock with his lips, then the string of jism broke as his legs came down onto the bunk bed. It felt good to stretch out again, and he sighed happily as he placed his long legs to either side of Lucky, who was kneeling and looking at him with a satisfied grin.

“You’re a mess, boy!” Lucky said as he came forward and lay atop the teenager.

Damon put a hand behind Lucky’s head and drew his face down to his own cummy face for a kiss. When their lips met, he spit a mouthful of warm cum into the blonde stud’s mouth. Lucky swallowed the boy’s jism anxiously, glad he had saved some for him. Their handsome faces were stuck together by a slime of cum as they kissed passionately, squirming their naked and sweating bodies together.

“That’s the way I like it,” Lucky said when their mouths parted. “Fast and dirty!”

CHAPTER TWO

After Damon and Lucky had showered, they put on their work clothes, which — aboard the Apollo — were interestingly casual.

Damon slipped into a tattered, abbreviated pair of jean cut-offs and put on heavy construction shoes and thick athletic socks, which he rolled down. His hair balls and the head of his cock dangled in plain view beneath the frayed edges of his shorts. With his hair swept down on his forehead, Damon looked like a sexy version of Lil' Abner.

Lucky — always the macho man — put on a pair of tight, faded jeans, heavy work boots and a sleeveless midriff T-shirt. The pale-blue shirt exposed his muscular arms and a flat belly and accentuated his golden tan. He tied a blue bandanna around his head, leaving the loose ends of the knot trailing down onto his shoulder. The bandanna, combined with the wild look in his big brown eyes, made the handsome blonde look vaguely savage.

They started up the steep stairway to the deck above, but Damon grabbed Lucky halfway up, wrapping his arms around the surprised fellow.

“You gorgeous brute!” the boy smiled, pecking his lover on the lips. “Damn, it’s good to have you back.” Then his expression became more serious. “Did the probation board give you a hard time?”

“Naw,” Lucky said, running his hand up under Damon’s shorts and squeezing a bare bun. “Just the same old red tape. No hassle, long as I keep a job and stay clear of the drug traffic.” He poked a finger into the youth’s well-fucked asshole.

“Ewww!” Damon squealed, practically climbing Lucky Donovan’s big frame. “Don’t get me excited again. We’ve got work to do.”

“You really did miss me, didn’t you?” Lucky smiled, glowing with the self-confidence that came from knowing he was needed.

“What do you think?” the boy said as he sank to his knees on the stairway and began kissing Lucky’s bare stomach. He clamped his arms

around his brawny lover's waist, pressing his face against his belly. "You know I worship you."

"That's why they call me Lucky," the blonde said as he pulled Damon to his feet again. "I always get what I want." Then he swatted the kid's ass playfully. "Let's get to work."

They squinted at the late afternoon sunshine as they emerged on the deck of the Apollo. The bog trawler was moored, along with dozens of other tuna boats, at Tampa's commercial fishing docks. Tampa Bay sparkled in the late sun, which was casting a golden hue on the fleet of white boats.

"We better finish getting the larder stocked," Damon said, standing with his hands on his hips and surveying the tranquil scene of gently rocking boats and gliding sea gulls. "Cotton wants to cast off at daybreak tomorrow and we're low on a few things."

"I'll go get the hand-truck," Lucky said as he headed for the gangplank. He stopped abruptly at the portside railing, looking down at the dock below. "Jesus Christ! Come get a load of this."

Damon sauntered over to the railing, expecting to see some tourist exhibiting a big fish. His jaw dropped when he saw the guy below. "Man! That's one bitchin' stud!"

"Awesome," Lucky said dreamily as he leaned on the railing and kept looking.

Their attention was riveted on a young man on the dock who was leaning on a ten-speed bicycle. The bike was at an angle, and the guy was leaning back against it with his feet planted widely apart.

He was scantily clad in a yellow Speedo swimsuit that left little to the imagination and a lightweight yellow nylon jacket that was open down the front. A yellow sun visor concealed his face from their view, but they could see that he had coal-black hair and a fantastic body. His darkly suntanned skin contrasted sharply with the pale yellow outfit he wore, and the low angle of the sun made him look like a bronzed statue.

"Must be a tourist," Damon remarked, noticing the backpack strapped to the rear of the guy's bike.

“Or maybe a sun god,” Lucky said, unable to take his eyes from the prominent cock-bulge in the guy’s nylon bikini.

“Naw,” Damon chuckled. “He’s got Ft. Lauderdale written all over him. Definitely a tourist.”

Suddenly, the guy glanced up and spotted them. His face was as beautiful as the rest of him, and both fishermen swooned at his striking good looks.

“Maybe you’re right,” Damon whispered. “It’s a god.”

“I’m looking for Captain Cotton Tyler,” the guy shouted up at them. “That either one of you?”

Lucky jabbed Damon in the ribs with an elbow. “Shit! We should’ve guessed. Cotton’s got something new going.”

“What?” the guy yelled from below.

“Naw, man,” Lucky shouted back. “The captain’s not here now.” He leaned out, sucking in his belly and flexing his biceps, smiling seductively down at the guy on the dock. “You sure I won’t do?”

“Lucky!” Damon sputtered, putting his hands on his hips and looking shocked.

“I have to see Captain Tyler,” the guy below shouted, looking slightly puzzled at Lucky’s behavior.

“C’mon aboard!” Lucky hollered.

The fellow nodded and began wheeling his bike up the gangplank.

Lucky grinned at Damon. “I don’t know what Cotton’s got going here, but if that guy’s not gay I’ll wrestle a shark barehanded.”

“Hi!” Lucky said warmly as the guy came aboard. He extended a hand. “I’m Lucky Donovan... and this here’s my sweet little boyfriend, Damon West. What can we do for you?”

“Rick Marinaro,” the suntanned stud said, glancing uncertainly at each of them. “I have business with Captain Tyler. Will he be here before long?” He sounded stern and business-like.

“He better be along before long,” Damon said. “We’re casting off at daybreak.”

Lucky was standing close to the visitor with his thumbs hooked in the pockets of his Levi’s, unabashedly looking him up and down.

“What kinda business you got with Cotton?” Lucky asked, doing his best to look tough and butch. “You sure don’t look like any businessman.”

“I have business with the captain,” Rick insisted. “And I’m sorry if you don’t like my looks.”

“Oh, we love your looks, man!” Lucky said. “Don’t you think he’s pretty, Damon?”

“No complaints here,” Damon grinned, finding himself growing horny at the sight of Rick Marinaro’s beautiful body. The boy began to fondle his welling cock, which was hanging out below his cut-offs.

Rick saw Damon playing with his prick. He glanced back to Lucky, and saw the wild look in his huge brown eyes. Backing away slowly with his bicycle, he revealed his fear.

“You guys already know what I’m here for, don’t you?”

“Yeah,” Lucky said confidently. “I’d say it’s pretty obvious.”

He moved forward, stepping close to Rick again. In the next instant, he reached out and grabbed a handful of the sexy stud’s cock-bulge, feeling the long prick that was curled snugly within the thin nylon crotch of his Speedo.

“Hey, man!” Rich shouted hoarsely, knocking Lucky’s hand away quickly. “Knock that shit off! What the hell’s the matter with you guys?”

“Whatdyo mean — what’s the matter with us?” Lucky said in annoyance. “Look at yourself, man. Prissin’ your cute ass around here in that sexy get-up, showing off your big old cock like that. You ought to keep your goddamned clothes on if you don’t want anybody touching you — you crazy fucker.”

“Easy, Lucky,” Damon said quietly, knowing the bug stud wasn’t accustomed to rejection. “Let’s be cool now.”

Rich Marinaro moved back a few steps again. His handsome face was drawn with tension.

“Look,” he said, “I don’t give a shit what you fags do with each other... but don’t try any of that crap with me. Okay?”

“Fags!” Lucky blurted loudly as his fists clenched automatically. “Why, you son of a bitch! I’m gonna —”

“No!” Damon yelled, grabbing Lucky’s raised fist before he could hit Rick. The boy looked hard at Rick. “Just get off the fuckin’ boat, man. You’re not welcome here. Go on!”

“I’m not going anywhere till I see Cotton Tyler,” Rick said firmly. “And you two goons better leave me alone, if you know what’s good for you. Now, when do you expect the captain? I want some answers here!”

Lucky and Damon looked at each other in bewilderment for a moment, then both of them began to grin mischievously.

“This guy’s really asking for it,” Lucky said.

“Yeah, he is,” Damon agreed.

“Okay, buddy,” Lucky said to Rick. “So what if Cotton is aboard? You think he wants to see you?”

“That’s what I figured,” Rick said, smiling knowingly. “He’s hiding out below.” He leaned his bike against a refrigeration unit and looked smugly at Lucky. “Take me to the captain — now.”

Pretending they hated doing it, Lucky and Damon led Rick Marinaro down the steep stairway to the cabin below.

“Where is he?” Rick demanded authoritatively when he didn’t see anyone else below.

“Get him!” Lucky yelled.

In a sudden flurry of activity, Damon and Lucky grabbed the rude visitor and threw him to the floor. A few punches were exchanged before they subdued him, but nobody was seriously hurt. Then, before Rick knew what was happening, they had him face down on the floor and had tied his hands together with a sheet. A minute later, they had secured each of his

ankles to exposed water pipes, leaving him spread-eagled on his stomach. He struggled for a few minutes before he accepted the fact that he was securely bound and helpless.

“Help me strip the son of a bitch,” Lucky told his young lover. “We’ll give him a fuckin’ he won’t ever forget.”

“This is a federal offense!” Rick said hoarsely, twisting his neck and looking up at them.

“It sure as hell won’t be my first federal offense,” Lucky laughed as he stopped down and yanked the visor from Rick’s head. “Hey, man — you’ve got real pretty hair. You know that?” He ran his fingers through the guy’s lush black hair.

“I... I don’t know about this, Lucky,” Damon said nervously.

“Don’t be a fuckin’ titty-baby, Damon!”

“All right, all right!”

It became immediately obvious they wouldn’t be able to pull the guy’s jacked and trunks off while he was tied up that way, so Lucky ran to the galley and found a knife. When he approached Rick with the knife, the guy’s face went pale.

“My God!” Rick blurted pathetically. “Go ahead and fuck me if you want to — just don’t kill me!”

“I’m not gonna kill you, you fuckin’ idiot,” Lucky laughed as he knelt down and began cutting the nylon jacket so it could be removed. “I just want to get you naked.”

“Oh, thank God,” Rick murmured, relaxing and resting his cheek on the grimy floor. After that fright, getting fucked in the ass seemed a relatively harmless prospect.

After the jacket was cut away, Lucky handed the knife to Damon. “Here. You do the honors with the Speedo, kid.”

The perverse excitement of committing rape caused Damon’s cock to stiffen and project from his cut-offs while he knelt and cut away the flimsy nylon bikini from Rick’s loins. Once he had cut through the fabric, he

yanked the tattered Speedo away, revealing the guy's gloriously suntanned buns.

Lucky whistled at the sexy sight. "Look at that! This guy sunbathes naked — he's tanned all over."

"Uuummm!" Damon purred approvingly, feasting his eyes on Rick's naked body. "He's beautiful."

There was no doubt of that. Rick Marinaro was stunningly beautiful. His lithe, sinewy body was a study in muscular symmetry. His deeply tanned skin was smooth and flawless, and a sparse growth of black hair coated his powerful-looking legs. The cutely rounded cheeks of his ass were smooth and tan, and there were sexy dimples in his lower back, just above each bun. The crevice of his ass was hairless, and his furry balls could be seen mashed against the floor between his sprawled legs.

"How about if you fuck him first?" Lucky suggested. "Kinda break him in a little before I have at him with my twelve inches."

Rick raised his head and looked around. "If you guys do this, I'll report —" Then he saw the knife gleaming on the floor behind Lucky and decided to keep quiet and submit.

Damon pulled his cut-offs down over his shoes, stepped out of them and then knelt between Rick's spread legs. The ominous silence was punctuated by the creaking and groaning of the boat. The excited youth bent down and ran his tongue experimentally up Rick's ass-crack. Rick flinched at the touch of Damon's tongue.

"That's one helluva good-lookin' ass," Lucky said. "Go ahead and eat him out. I would!"

Damon smiled at Lucky. Then he drove his tongue hard against Rick's hairless asshole while he used his fingers to spread his asscheeks. After titillating Rick's asshole for a moment with his tongue-tip, the boy fucked his tongue into the tightness of the resisting sphincter. The ass-ring relaxed after a moment, and Damon was able to fuck his hot wet tongue in and out of the guy's ass.

"Lord!" Rick moaned when he felt the boy's tongue lubricating his asshole with warm saliva. "You guys don't stop at anything."

“To hell with that,” Lucky snorted, reaching over and jabbing his finger into Rick’s wet asshole.

“Uuungh!” Rick grunted, tensing the muscles of his body.

“Shit! He is tight as hell,” Lucky said. “This is gonna be one fantastic fuck!” He pulled his finger from Rick’s ass. “Go to it, boy. Fuck the shit out of him!”

Damon moved into a push-up position above Rick’s naked body. When he guided his cockhead into the crevice of Rick’s ass, the young stud moaned and clenched his asscheeks in anticipation of the pain he knew would come.

“Relax, man,” Damon whispered near Rick’s ear. “Don’t make it hard on yourself.” And, while he was whispering, he could smell the sweet clean aroma of Rick’s beautiful black hair...

Damon nudged insistently against Rick’s resisting asshole with the blunt tip of his prick, finally forcing his cockhead within the tightly clasping ass-ring. Rick sucked in a deep breath, remaining still in hopes the boy would go easy on him.

Rick Marinaro had never had a cock fucked up his ass before, and he didn’t realize how fortunate he was that Damon was going to fuck him first with his eight-inch cock. Had Lucky gone first, fucking his foot-long prick into that virgin asshole, it would have been a grisly experience for the poor fellow. For a young stud who regarded himself as straight, eight inches of cock up the butt seemed more than adequate for an introduction to ass-fucking.

Damon slowly fucked his thick cock into Rick’s tight asshole, advancing in short increments as the resisting sphincter slipped along his cock-shaft like a taut rubber band. Rick’s ass-guts felt hot, encasing the boy’s prick snugly.

“Oh God... oh no,” Rick moaned pitifully as he felt Damon’s cock advancing deeper into his guts. “Damn!” He clenched his teeth and his fists in response to the surge of pain that radiated from his shocked asshole. “No... no... no...”

But Damon pressed onward fucking more and more cock-meat into Rick's ass until his belly came to rest against the guy's smooth asscheeks.

"Aw, fuck!" Rick blurted, banging his forehead on the floor as he felt Damon's kinky crotch hair grinding against his ass. He could feel the boy's balls dangling down between his sprawled legs, touching his own balls. "Goddamn it!"

Knowing that a prick was buried to the hilt in his ass gave Rick a hideous feeling of degradation. It was unmanly to be lying there on the floor, getting fucked in the ass — and besides that, it hurt.

Damon halted there, leaving his cock fucked in to the balls and giving Rick a minute to adjust to having his tight ass stuffed full of cock-meat. Lucky scrambled around behind them, getting down on the floor so he could see Damon's cock enter Rick's ass.

"You're awfully good-looking," Damon whispered near Rick's ear. "Matter of fact, you're downright gorgeous, man."

"This is one time I wish I was ugly as hell," Rick murmured. "I don't like anything about this."

"Really?" Damon asked honestly. "God, I just love to get my ass fucked. Love it!"

"Well, why don't you two cock-suckers fuck each other — and let me out of here?"

"Let's get some goddamned action here," Lucky said loudly, slapping Damon's naked butt. "Fuck the bastard!"

"Your buddy's nuts," Rick whispered. "You know that?"

"No he's not. He's wonderful. I love him."

"Why? Just because he's got a big hunk of meat?"

"What the hell are you two jabberin' about?" Lucky said irritably as he raised up to look.

"Nothing important," Damon said quickly.

Then the teenager began to fuck Rick's ass, plunging his cock in and out of the hot sheath of the young stud's ass-guts rapidly. Lucky got down

between their legs again, watching Damon's prick slither into the guy's tightly clasping asshole. The boy's hairy balls were bouncing heavily, slapping against Rick's smooth asscheeks on every downward fuck-thrust.

Rick hadn't realized it until now, but while he and Damon had been talking, his ass had become more accustomed to being stuffed with cock-meat. The fucking wasn't quite as had as he had expected and he soon discovered that by forcing himself to relax he could make it easier on himself. Still, although the searing pain was subsiding, the awful humiliation of being used this was more than he could deal with.

"You guys aren't actually gonna cum in my butt, are you?"

"Sure," Damon laughed while he went on fucking. "I mean, it'd be kinda stupid to fuck you and not cum. Hell, that's what fucking's all about."

"Oh God," Rick groaned, feeling that getting his ass fucked full of cum would in some way be the ultimate deflowering of his manhood. "Damn you guys!"

CHAPTER THREE

Cum flooded Rick Marinaro's asshole a few minutes later, when Damon — excited by the growing suspicion that he was fucking a virgin ass — blew his wad prematurely.

"Oh, my God!" Rick gasped pathetically when he felt the boy's hot jism spurting deep into his ravages ass-guts. "You son of a bitch!"

Damon, naked except for his heavy work shoes, sighed and went limp atop the young stud's body after his cock had spouted a tremendous cum-load up his ass. The youth was breathing heavily.

"You already shot off?" Lucky asked in surprise, raising up from his observations between their legs.

"Yeah," Damon breathed.

"Nothing came out," Lucky said, obviously disappointed that he hadn't seen any jism foaming out around Damon's fucking prick.

"He's too tight," Damon said, feeling Rick's clenching ass muscles squeezing his softening cock like a vise. "Tightest goddamned ass I ever fucked, man."

"All right!" Lucky said enthusiastically, looking forward to cramming his colossal fucker into that super-tight asshole.

Damon lay atop Rick, panting in the aftermath of his hard climax. He nuzzled his nose into the beautiful guy's thick black hair, once again enjoying the fragrance of his hair and tasting the smooth flesh of the back of his neck.

Lucky removed his shoes and socks and stripped out of his jeans. Not bothering to take off his midriff T-shirt and bandanna, he knelt at Rick's face, wagging his enormous hard-on in the terrified young man's face.

"You ever see a cock like this before?" Lucky asked, proudly displaying his gigantic prick.

"Only on horses," Rick murmured, turning his face away from the hideous sight of Lucky's drooling twelve-inch cock.

When he turned his face, Damon kissed him on the cheek tenderly and wiggled his ass, wallowing his flaccid cock in Rick's cum-filled asshole.

"Gimme a little suck before I fuck you," Lucky demanded, wiping pre-cum from the huge head of his prick on Rick's chin. "Come on, man... suck it!"

Rick raised his head for a moment, glowering up at Lucky with hazel eyes filled with hatred. "You go to hell!" Then he lowered his face, pressing his nose against the floor to avoid the hunky stud's cock.

"I said suck it!" Lucky shouted.

He grabbed Rick's hair and yanked his head up, holding his face against his prick. More pre-cum oozed from the big cock-knob and was smeared on Rick's closed lips.

"Never!" Rick said through clenched teeth, being careful to avoid admitting the cock to his mouth. "I'll bite your fuckin' cock off if you put it in my mouth — and I mean it!"

"I think he would," Damon said. "I don't think he's gay."

"Shit!" Lucky snarled, slapping Rick's face hard several times with his cock. "This prissy fag? He's a cocksucker, all right. He just doesn't like being tied up."

Rick was glad he hadn't been fucked in the mouth. He couldn't imagine anything worse than having that gigantic prick of Lucky's crammed into his mouth. There was nothing he could do to stop them from fucking his ass — bound and helpless as he was — but the threat of biting had at least averted the additional humiliation of being forced to suck cock. These crazed fishermen might defile his ass, but they would never stick a cock in his mouth.

"Lemme at that cute butt," Lucky said. "I want to show this closet queen what it's like to get fucked by a real man."

Damon raised his ass, and his soft prick propped out of Rick's clasping asshole. He patted Rick's ass affectionately before he crawled off and lay alongside him.

Lucky clambered on, wedging his immense cock-knob against Rick's asshole, which had snapped shut after Damon's withdrawal.

Rick became tense again, realizing the worst was yet to come. He had never seen a prick as huge as Lucky's, and he couldn't even begin to imagine how such a thing could be crammed up his ass without doing serious damage to his guts. It was unthinkable — but it was about to happen!

Lucky shoved hard and the big head of his prick spread Rick's taut sphincter momentarily. Then, abruptly, the ass-ring gave as the cock-knob was sucked in. Rick's ass-ring clamped tightly behind the flared ridge of Lucky's cockhead.

“Awww, shit!” Rick cried out, banging his forehead on the floor and despising the bonds that held him. It felt to him as if a fist had been crammed up his butt.

“Wheweee!” Lucky exclaimed, holding his position. “You’re right, Damon. This is one fuckin’ tight asshole.”

“Stop this... please,” Rick begged. “You’re going to really hurt me.”

“You’ll learn to love it,” Lucky said hatefully.

Then he thrust his hips downward, fucking several inches of his mighty prick into Rick’s unwilling asshole. Rick’s ass-ring slipped tautly along the thick shaft of Lucky’s cock.

“Oh, God help me,” Rick murmured. “You’re killing me!”

Damon was watching Rick’s contorted facial expressions and realized the guy was really suffering under the onslaught of Lucky’s massive fucker. But he dared not say anything, knowing that when Lucky was hot there was no stopping him. The very thing Damon so loved about Lucky Donovan — his brute strength and savage attitude toward sex — was obviously an unbearable horror for Rick Marinaro.

Lucky fucked another few inches of thick prick into Rick’s ass, causing the young stud to squirm and writhe in pain. He began to switch his head in anguish, straining at the bonds that held him, hurting his wrists and ankles with the violence of his efforts. But the struggling was futile — he was securely bound.

It seemed to Rick that there was no end to the long shaft of cock-meat that was gradually fucking into his ass. The cock just kept coming as Lucky fed the prick-meat to his ass. He was afraid Lucky's long cock would push out the front of his belly any moment; he had fleeting visions of ending up with an accidentally inflicted colostomy. But then he realized that, somehow, the immense prick was inching up into his abdomen, rather than pushing out toward his belly. Horrifying visions of a big slimy cock-knob emerging from his mouth terrorized him for a moment.

"Ahhhh," Lucky sighed as the thick base of his cock sank into Rick's asshole. "That's good ass."

Rick knew, when he felt Lucky's pendulous balls settle between his legs and the blonde's wiry cock-hair scouring his smooth buns, that he had a foot of cock up his ass. It was unbelievable, but he had survived it somehow. Twelve thick inches of prick up his ass!

"You okay?" Damon asked, leaning down close and seeing the beads of perspiration glistening on Rick's forehead.

"You've got to be kidding," Rick said dryly without looking up.

"I love it when Lucky fucks that horse-cock of his to me," Damon said. "Too bad you can't get into it and enjoy the fucking."

"You people are out of your fucking minds!"

"Hey," Lucky said, "you ought to see it when Damon sucks his own cock while I fuck him. What a turn-on!"

Rick turned his face and looked at Damon in disbelief, then shook his head and turned away again.

Lucky began fucking slowly, drawing the immense length of his prick outward until only the cock-knob was held tightly by Rick's taut ass-ring, then fucking in again until his hairy groin ground against the guy's baby-smooth buns. In and out, in and out the gigantic prick slithered as Lucky gradually increased the tempo of his fucking.

Rick, who now understood that his violent reactions only served to excite Lucky into rougher fucking, tried to keep from showing any response to the lurid plundering of his ass. He gritted his teeth and clenched his eyes

shut, silently submitting to the painful ass-fucking. He couldn't imagine how Damon could actually enjoy such an ungodly experience.

"You want me to suck you off while he fucks you?" Damon asked, thinking that Rick's silence indicated pleasure.

"Whatever turns you on," Rick said, knowing it would be useless to protest anyway.

At the moment, Rick's cock was limp, pressed between his stomach and the gritty floor of the cabin. Waves of pain were surging through his body, emanating from his ravaged ass-guts. In the midst of such pain and degradation, whether or not Damon sucked his cock was the least of his worries. It simply didn't matter.

Damon scampered around behind the two fucking studs and lay on his belly on the floor between their sprawled legs.

Moving in close to their crotches, the aroused teenager could see Lucky's thick cock-shaft fucking in and out, dragging the raw crimson flesh of Rick's asshole outward with every upward movement. Due to the monstrous size of Lucky's prick, some of the smooth tanned flesh of Rick's asscheeks was plunged into the asshole with every downward fuck-thrust. Damon saw a few dribbles of his own cum being pumped from the abused asshole by Lucky's fucking.

Scooting closer, Damon licked tightly at Rick's balls, which were crinkly and covered with curly black hair. His balls were flattened against the floor, bulging from his crotch. While he laved Rick's balls with his tongue, Damon turned on to the sight of the huge cock fucking the asshole so near his face. Lucky's furry balls kept grazing Damon's nose while he licked the hairy sac of Rick's nuts.

Forcing a hand beneath Rick's crotch, Damon felt the guy's soft prick pressed between his belly and the floor. He tried to pull the prick downward, to bring it out beneath the flattened balls where he could suck it. His efforts were hurting Rick's balls, so he raised his hips slightly and allowed the boy to drag his limp cock out into view.

Rick's cock was beautiful, and it was nice and big, even though it was still soft. Damon pulled the pinkish cockhead toward his face stretching the flaccid shaft of the cock out from beneath the flattened balls. He ovaled his

lips and took the spongy cockhead into his mouth, grasping Rick's outstretched thighs with both hands as he began to suck his cock.

At first there was no response. Rick's prick remained soft and pliable in the youth's sucking mouth. But then, when Damon began using the tip of his tongue to stimulate the sensitive nerves on the underside of Rick's cock-knob, he was pleased to feel the prick swelling between his lips. Deftly titillating the ventral nerves of Rick's cock with his tongue-tip, Damon continued to suck his prick while watching his grossly stretched asshole being fucked by Lucky's big thick cock.

Rick was mortified when he realized he was getting a hard-on, that he was actually responding positively to the bizarre activities of these sick cock-suckers! How was it possible that he could raise a hard-on in the midst of such pain and degradation? And yet it was an undeniable fact that his prick was swelling to rigidity in Damon's sucking mouth while Lucky fucked his ass violently. The ass-fucking hurt like hell, but the cocksucking felt good, good despite the burning pain in his butt.

"Oh no... no... no," Rick whined, wallowing his handsome face against the filthy floor. "God, no!"

The young stud was protesting the pleasure he was feeling now, rather than the pain in his ass. He didn't want to enjoy any of this perversion, and he suddenly hated himself for experiencing pleasure while Damon sucked his prick. Rick knew that, if Damon went on sucking his cock with such marvelous expertise, he would cum in the boy's mouth soon. And he knew the spurting of his cum-load into Damon's mouth would be an undeniable admission of the spine-tingling pleasure he was experiencing. But Damon's mouth felt so wonderful on his cock...

"Don't... please, no... you bastards!" Rick muttered, still wiping the floor with his beautiful face.

And, even while he complained so bitterly, he involuntarily hiked his butt, making it possible for Damon to suck more of his cock into his hot mouth. The slight elevating of his hips also made it possible for a bit more of Lucky's horse-cock to probe into the warm, squishy depths of his ass-guts. But, because of the pleasurable sensations Damon was generating by

sucking his cock, the racking pain of Lucky's prick in his belly came to seem less severe.

"Yeah!" Lucky rasped while he fucked Rick's ass roughly. "Raise that cute ass up for more cock, baby! That's it!"

"His cock's hard as a rock," Damon said quickly. "He's getting into it now." Then he sucked Rick's cock back into his mouth.

"I hate it!" Rick wailed. "You guys are sick." But he kept his naked ass thrust upward under Lucky's savage assault, and his cock was throbbing in Damon's warm moist mouth. "Damn you both!"

"You just keep telling yourself how much you hate it," Lucky said as he pounded the cock-meat to Rick's relaxing asshole. "But, believe me, man, the day will come when you'll be begging for a big fat cock up your butt."

"Never," Rick moaned.

Lucky was acutely aware of the subtle change in Rick's responses. His sphincter was becoming more relaxed, no longer tightening and resisting Lucky's fuck-lunges. And the taut muscles of his neck were no longer standing out in bold relief. The tension was draining from Rick's body and — against his will — he began to meet Lucky's fuck-thrusts with barely perceptible upward motions of his ass.

"Get ready to feel your guts shot full of jizz, man!" Lucky said anxiously as he increased the tempo of his fucking. "Here it comes! Ahhhh, fuck!"

Involuntarily, Rick humped his bare ass up hard against Lucky's belly, taking the big stud's colossal fucker deeply into his guts. He didn't want to do it, but he couldn't seem to stop himself. It was as if his ass suddenly had a mind of its own and was out of control. Rick's ass wanted the big cock to cum, and he despised himself for losing control of his body that way. It was horrible.

"Oh shit, nooooo!" Rick screamed in anguish as he felt Lucky's hot jism pumping into his ass-guts with incredible force.

Lucky kept fucking viciously, plunging his cum-gushing cock into Rick's upthrust ass with such violence that loud slurping and gurgling sounds were generated. Milky cum began to emerge around the thick cock-

lance that was embedded in Rick's asshole. The surplus jism caused the lewd slurping sounds from Rick's ass to become louder.

"Oh, fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!!" Rick chanted, unable to control his lurching ass as it gobbled cock greedily and vomited excess cum with obscene gurgling noises. "Fuck me..."

Rich whined and whimpered convulsively when he heard those awful words coming from his own mouth. He writhed in self-hate, even while his uncontrollable ass lurched luridly upward, seeking yet more cock. He knew Lucky and Damon had awakened something dreadful in him, something that must have always lurked there in the dark recesses of his mind, waiting for a catalyst such as this to loose the monster within.

Cum being pumped from Rick's cock-stuffed asshole down onto his hairy balls in a gelatinous flood. Damon, who was still sucking fervently on Rick's stiff prick, watched with wide eyes as the white flood of jism coated the hairy balls his nose was pressed into.

In the next instant, Rick gasped loudly and Damon felt the muscled of his thighs tense as an overwhelming climax began. Damon's mouth was suddenly filled with a great gust of alkaline-tasting jism as Rick blew his cum-load. Damon swallowed rapidly, his Adam's apple bobbing as he took the sexy stud's voluminous load of rich, creamy cum.

Rick, in the throes of the most powerful climax of his entire life, lost all control of himself. His tongue lolled out against the filthy floor. He undulated his hips, simultaneously fucking himself on Lucky's giant prick and fucking his own cock in Damon's hot, cum-filled mouth. He felt Lucky's jism gurgling from his asshole and draining down onto his balls, and the lewdness of it all only excited him further. Rick's balls ached as they convulsed and pumped more and more cum into Damon's sucking mouth. He had never shot such a huge load of cum before in his life.

Suddenly, Rick Marinaro was glad he was tied up and helpless. The bonds that held him seemed to represent the last vestige of decency he had left to cling to — his only possible excuse for submitting to such things. Rick was thankful he had been bound, because he knew now he could have done it and even enjoyed it eventually without the bonds. But the bonds were a blessing, making the unthinkable acceptable.

Lucky slithered the glistening shaft of his giant prick from Rick's asshole, which gaped open obscenely now, coated with a glossy slime of fuck-juices. He climbed off and sat beside Rick's prone body, watching his young lover suck the last spurts of jism from the dark young stud's cock.

When he had sucked Rick's prick dry, Damon released the cock from his mouth and moved upward a bit, examining the guy's cum-slimed ass at close range. Then, on impulse, Damon sank his cute face into the cummy crevice of Rick's ass, lapping his tongue feverishly into the fluid-filled crater of his over-fucked asshole. He sucked up a mouthful of his studly lover's jism from Rick's ass.

“My God,” Rick murmured, lying still while Damon sucked at his mushy asshole. “Sick... sick... sick!”

Still, although he couldn't conceive of guys doing suck things, Rick had to admit to himself that it felt good. Damon's softly probing tongue felt marvelous in his abused asshole. After the vicious fucking Lucky had administered, a soft warm tongue felt almost soothing against the raw, burning interior tissues of his ass. He thought what Damon was doing was filthy — but it certainly did feel wonderful!

“I think that's enough,” Lucky said. He was frowning at the zest with which Damon was eating Rick's ass out.

Damon raised his head, smiling at Lucky. The boy's mouth and chin were coated with a thick film of fuck-juice from Rick's ass.

“He sure does have a sweet ass,” Damon said. “And he's a clean fuck, too. Nice!”

The horny teenager grasped Rick's buns with both hands, spreading the cheeks of his ass, then he plunged his face back into the guy's glossy ass-crack and began to tongue-fuck his swampy asshole again.

CHAPTER FOUR

Outside, Cotton Tyler and Shawn McGregor were waling up the gangplank. The setting sun's last rays had turned the western sky blood-red, and Tampa Bay looked inky-black. No exterior lights had been turned on and the Apollo looked deserted.

“Where the hell are Damon and Lucky?” Cotton said in annoyance. “Anybody could walk off with a half-million-dollars’ worth of equipment here.”

“Maybe they abandoned ship,” Shawn laughed as he stepped inside a doorway and flipped on the outside lights.

“They’re probably fucking,” Cotton said dryly. “That’s all they ever do.”

“So did we — when we were their age,” Shawn reminded the captain, who was also his lover.

Cotton was only twenty-six, and Shawn was a year younger. But they had been lovers since they were teenagers at Tampa High School, and the fires of passion between them had cooled over the intervening years. They still loved to fuck but not with the same frequency and intensity with which Damon and Lucky fucked. Like many straight couples, the two men had held together as much by financial entanglements and responsibilities as by passion for one another’s body. They were co-owners of the Apollo and they had bought a home together in St. Petersburg, near Tampa.

Cotton Tyler had been aptly nicknamed as a boy. He had hair so blonde it was almost white, and his tangled curls often looked almost luminous in bright sunlight. He had pale-amber eyes, which gave his suntanned face a slightly mysterious look. Handsome and well-built Cotton looked younger than his twenty-six years.

As always when ashore, Cotton was wearing white slacks and a knit pullover shirt with white deerskin shoes. He looked more like a playboy from the local country club than the captain of a tuna boat.

Shawn McGregor looked every bit the Scotsman that he was. He had brilliant red hair and emerald-green eyes, and a fine film of reddish hair on his forearms and legs. Shawn's handsome face was made distinctive by his heavy brows, which sloped downward toward the bridge of his nose, giving him a rakish, devil-may-care appearance. Like all the hard-working men in the tuna fleet, Shawn had an exceptionally well-developed physique.

He always wore denim seafarer pants and a denim shirt, which was invariably open to his navel, revealing his brawny chest. Unlike most Scots, Shawn had few freckles and his smooth skin was tanned to a ruddy hue from working outdoors.

“Let's check out the cabins below,” Cotton suggested. “If those two've run off and left this boat unattended, I'll fire their asses — buddies or not!”

“I can't believe they'd do a thing like that,” Shawn said as they started down the stairs into the hold.

“What the hell?” Cotton blurted when they entered the bunk cabin.

He and Shawn had arrived on the scene just as Lucky and Damon were dressing. Rick Marinaro was still tied up, naked and spread-eagled on the floor. And his asscheeks were gleaming with smears of cum.

“Jesus!” Shawn gasped, astounded that the two crewmen had gone to such lengths. He had never known they were into bondage.

Rick looked up at Cotton and Shawn, his face drawn with shame and disgust. He opened his mouth, but couldn't find words for such a situation at first. His lips were dry and his tongue moved silently.

“Help me,” he finally said weakly looking at the two new arrivals with imploring eyes.

“What have you two hellions done now?” Cotton demanded, unable to take his eyes off Rick's naked body. “And who is this?”

“Damned if I know,” Lucky said. “He came aboard looking for a job or something,” Damon said.

“But why is he tied up?” Shawn asked angrily.

“He didn't want to play,” Lucky said matter-of-factly.

Cotton knelt down beside Rick and began untying his hands while Shawn released his ankles.

“Who are you and what the hell’s going on here?” Cotton said impatiently.

“I’m Rick Marinaro,” the embarrassed young man said as he sat up, stretching his sore arms and legs slowly. “I’m an observer for the Tuna-Porpoise Management Branch of the National Marine Fisheries Service... Department of the Interior. I was assigned to check out your operations at sea.” He ran his fingers through his lush black hair, shaking his head. “They told me I’d be unpopular aboard these damned tuna boats. But, Christ, I didn’t expect this kind of treatment.”

“Holy shit!” Lucky blurted, realizing now what had happened.

“Saints preserve us!” Shawn muttered.

Cotton stood up, clasping his open palms over his face. “Oh, Lord... you guys have raped an officer of the federal government! We’re in big trouble. Oh, shit!” He hit a wall with his fist, hurting himself.

“Why the fuck didn’t you tell us who you were?” Damon said in exasperation, looking hard at Rick.

“The way you were acting, I thought you knew,” Rick said as he tried to cover his nakedness with the tattered remains of his yellow jacket. “They told me observers are about as welcome on tuna boats as an outbreak of the plague — so I just assumed you guys were pulling my leg at first, trying to scare me off.”

“This your first assignment?” Cotton asked.

“Yeah,” Rick said dejectedly. “They’ll hire anybody with the guts to go, it’s such a lousy job. But the pay’s good. And I needed the money bad. I just came through a nasty divorce and lost everything but my fucking bicycle when the lawyers got done with me.”

Damon gave Lucky an I-told-you-so look, and Lucky shrugged his shoulders and averted his eyes, realizing he had made a horrible mistake.

Cotton sat down cross-legged on the floor, facing Rick. “Is there anything I can do to make things right? I don’t have much cash right now,

but I want to make some kind of restitution... I can't afford to lose my fishing license." He hung his head. "If we can't fish, I'll lose the Apollo."

Damon knelt and joined them. "This boat's his life, man!" he said imploringly to Rick.

"Hey," Lucky said, clearing his throat nervously and crossing his brawny arms against his chest. "I'm sorry, fella. I thought you were some kind of closet fag or something, and you just rubbed me the wrong way."

Rick chuckled bitterly. "And I thought you guys were straight guys pretending to be gay... till you got me down here." He looked up at Lucky. "But you're right. I was a smart-ass."

"What can I do to straighten this mess out?" Cotton asked nervously, realizing Rick had his future in his hands.

Rick seemed to be considering things seriously for a moment. Then he looked at Cotton and grinned.

"Well, for starters, how about not killing any porpoises while I'm assigned to your boat?"

"All right!" Lucky said enthusiastically, patting Rick's bare shoulder. "You're one hell of a good sport, man! My hat's off to you."

"Is that all?" Cotton asked suspiciously.

"Yeah," Rick said. "Your man told the truth. I came aboard with a chip on my shoulder, looking for trouble — and I found it."

There was jubilation for a few minutes when it became apparent that Rick Marinaro wasn't going to take advantage of his position to destroy the livelihoods of the four fishermen. Lucky went topside to fetch Rick's backpack, so he would be able to clothe himself.

After Lucky bounded up the steps, Damon whispered near Rick's ear: "Hey, man. You're beautiful — and I don't mean just your looks."

Before dawn the next morning, the Apollo left Tampa Bay and headed out into the Gulf of Mexico. For the next two weeks, the five young men would live with the incessant hum of the boat's big diesel engine and the

pungent aroma of an accumulating cargo of tuna. Even though the dead fish were kept in refrigerated cargo holds, the odor of tuna pervaded the entire boat.

Since Rick had to sleep in the same bunk cabin with the crew, privacy for fucking was practically nonexistent. Normally, the four fishermen worked hard by day and indulged in uninhibited sexual activity by night. But with Rick among them now, all that had to change. In view of what had happened, Cotton decided a little decorum was in order, for Rick's benefit.

Official orders were issued: No sucking or fucking in Rick Marinaro's presence.

As the sun rose over the gulf, Cotton was at the helm, alone in the pilothouse. Surveying the featureless expanse of blue water surrounding them from horizon to horizon, Cotton listened to the marine radio.

The National Hurricane Center at Miami was warning of a strong tropical disturbance approaching the Atlantic coast of Florida. Gale warnings had been issued from Miami to Daytona Beach. But that didn't worry Cotton. It was practically unheard of for hurricanes to cross the Florida peninsula and enter the Gulf of Mexico. Such storms nearly always broke up and dissipated when they encountered a landfall.

"Hey, good-looking!" Shawn said as he climbed up into the pilothouse. "Want your cock sucked to start the day right?"

Cotton laughed. "It was pretty dull down in quarters last night, wasn't it?" He reached down and felt his cock-bulge to signify his interest in his lover's proposal. "Where's Rick?"

"Still sleeping — like a good little landlubber."

"You really want to fool around — here?"

"Sure," Shawn smiled, kissing Cotton quickly. "If we don't take advantage of these precious moments, there'll be precious little fucking on this trip. Know what I mean?"

"You're right," Cotton said. "We better get it while the gettin's good."

There was no wind and the swell was minimal, so Cotton put the boat on automatic pilot and began stripping out of his clothes. Shawn, who was

barefoot and shirtless, didn't have much to take off. In a moment, both men were naked.

Shawn went to his knees quickly, kissing the blonde belly mane on Cotton's stomach and grasped his hunky asscheeks with both hands. He licked downward into Cotton's lush thicket of soft blonde crotch hair, nuzzling his nose there as Cotton's cock rose insistently against his chin. The blonde down that covered Cotton's legs and arms glistened in the morning sun, and his pubic hair sparkled with glints of gold.

Sucking Cotton's rigid prick into his mouth, Shawn angled his neck so he could deep-throat the prick he knew so well. Cotton gasped as he felt his cock sink into the familiar tightness of his lover's throat. He grabbed Shawn's head and began to fuck his face slowly, delighting in the sensation as his nine-inch cock slithered into the warm sheath of the guy's throat.

While he fucked Shawn's mouth, Cotton saw Lucky and Damon on the deck below, going about their business of preparing the huge nets and checking out the power winches. He noticed that Damon still hadn't bothered to put on any underwear, and — as usual — his cock was dangling out beneath his jean cut-offs.

"I'm gonna have to speak to Damon about those shorts," Cotton said. "That boy's too much sometimes."

Shawn backed away, releasing Cotton's prick. "Let him be. It makes the work more interesting."

"I know. But I don't want Rick to be offended."

Shawn licked his way up Cotton's smooth chest, stopping to nibble for a moment at a small brown tit. Then he kissed his way up the side of the blonde's neck, enveloping him in his arms and kissing him passionately on the mouth.

"It's still good with you, Cotton," Shawn murmured as he ran his hands over his lover's broad back. "Even after ten years."

"Strange," Cotton remarked, "how it seems so much better now that it's forbidden. You notice that?"

"Um-hummm," Shawn agreed, holding Cotton's solid asscheeks with both hands and grinding his hard-on against his belly while he kissed him

again.

Then Cotton went to his knees, dragging his tongue down Shawn's hard, flat belly. The Scotsman's stomach was streaked by a vertical trail of reddish fur that spread out at his crotch into a thick bush of fiery red curly hair. The veins in his abdomen were distended and his cock was thrusting upward, begging for attention. Sunshine glinting in his crotch hair make it look as if his prick rose from a flaming bush.

Taking Shawn's rigid cock into his mouth, Cotton cupped his red-furred balls with one hand and explored the hairy crevice of his ass with the other. He began to bob his head, fucking Shawn's cock between his oval lips.

Shawn leaned against the wall, enjoying Cotton's mouth on his prick while the morning sun warmed his naked body. While he luxuriated under Cotton's expert cocksucking, Shawn watched the inevitable flock of sea gulls pursuing the Apollo — the birds would be with them until they returned to Tampa. He saw Lucky grab Damon's cock while they were working with a net, watched the two young lovers cavort playfully and finally embrace and kiss briefly before returning to tending the nets.

It was a good life they had on the Apollo, combining work with play, free of the limiting restraints that made land-based life so dull. They all were enjoying a deep sense of camaraderie unknown outside the microcosm of a commercial fishing vessel. The Apollo was their life, and they shared everything — their joys, their sorrows, their dreams and their bodies. They had all they wanted — the sun, the sea, the Apollo and each other.

“Let's sixty-nine,” Shawn suggested dreamily while he tangled his fingers in Cotton's curly blonde hair.

Cotton released Shawn's cock and tugged at his hand. “Come on down and let's have at it.”

They lay in opposite directions on the floor of the cramped wheelhouse and began to suck each other's cock. Each of them was thinking that sex seemed more exciting this way, having to hide out and fuck on the sly. They had never fucked in the pilothouse and the novelty of it made it seem naughty.

Cotton was twisting his mouth rapidly on Shawn's hard cock, holding onto his slim hips and nudging his nose into his lover's balls as he deep-

throated his prick. Shawn had one leg propped up and Cotton could see his ass-crack beyond his balls. The red curly hair in the crevice of his ass gleamed brightly, contrasting with the smooth, creamy flesh of his buns.

Attracted by the sight of Shawn's ass, Cotton came off his cock and licked across his furry balls and into his ass-crack. Shawn moaned with delight and did the same to Cotton. The two men were curled together on the floor, lapping at one another's ass and jacking each other's cock with wild abandon...

Outside on the bridge, Rick Marinaro had come up looking for Cotton. He was wearing a brief red Speedo and white sneakers, his bronzed skin seeming to glow in the morning sunshine.

Rick was about to open the pilothouse door when, through the glass window, he saw Cotton and Shawn on the floor, licking ass like crazy. His eyes widened and he stood frozen for a moment. Then he recoiled in disgust, backing away from the window.

An instant later, Rick realized his cock was uncoiling and hardening within the tight confines of his nylon swimsuit. The revulsion he had felt for a moment ago was — whether he liked it or not — transforming into unwanted excitement. Looking down at his expanding cock-bulge, Rick was appalled with himself.

“Morning, Rick!” Damon called from the deck below. “You’re lookin’ good there, man!”

Waving silently to the youth below, Rick stood at the bridge railing uneasily. He knew damned well he was looking good, and that he was tempting fate by prancing around aboard the Apollo in such scanty attire. He had told himself he was just wearing a Speedo because of the humid and oppressive heat. But the weather, though warm, wasn’t all that hot. It was Rick Marinaro who was hot.

Against his better judgment, Rick stepped back over to the wheelhouse window. Peering in, he saw that Cotton and Shawn had gone back to sucking each other's cock. Cotton was on his back on the floor now and Shawn was on top, straddling his face and fucking his mouth. While he fucked Cotton's mouth, Shawn was bobbing his head rapidly, sucking

voraciously on Cotton's upthrust prick. Shawn's naked ass looked enticing, lurching up and down as he fucked Cotton's receptive mouth.

Rick became fascinated with the creamy white mounds of Shawn's ass, which contrasted starkly with the ruddy suntan of the rest of his muscular body. The fine, curly red hair that lined his ass-crevice sparkled in sunshine that streamed in through the huge windows of the pilothouse.

Seeing that Lucky and Damon had gone aft to work on a winch, Rick brazenly pushed the front of his Speedo down, plopping his cock and balls out into the fresh morning air. His cock stood out at a sharp angle to his belly as he grasped the cock-shaft and began to jerk off while he watched the two studs inside sucking each other.

Rick had never realized he had voyeuristic inclinations, but then an opportunity such as this had never arisen before. If he had seen anyone else doing what he was doing, he would have thought it repugnant. But, somehow, it seemed all right at the moment for him to beat his meat and watch a couple of guys giving each other blow-jobs. Not only all right, but downright exciting...

Cotton was enjoying Shawn's bouncing balls. Cotton could see the red-haired crevice of his cute ass. And, beyond the furry valley of Shawn's ass... he could see just the top of Rick's head at the window! Adjusting the angle of his neck, Cotton quickly realized Rick was standing outside jacking off and watching them.

Rick, who was busy beating his meat and watching the way Shawn was deep-throating Cotton's prick, failed to notice Cotton peering at him from between Shawn's legs.

Drawing back and taking his mouth from Shawn's cock, Cotton whispered urgently: "Shawn... don't stop till I tell you to, but we've got a visitor out on the bridge. When I say so, get off me in a hurry. Okay?"

"Umm-hummm," Shawn mumbled on Cotton's prick, and he kept bobbing his head, knowing that Rick must be watching them.

"Now!" Cotton said quickly.

Abruptly, Shawn rolled to one side and Cotton leaped to his feet and flung the door open, nearly knocking Rick over the railing in his haste. Rick

was startled out of his wits, thrown back against the railing as he was, with his red Speedo down around his knees and his hard prick in his hand.

“What the hell is your trip, anyway?” Cotton demanded, standing naked in the pilothouse doorway. “What the fuck do you want?”

“I... I don’t know,” Rick admitted, pulling up his swimsuit and trying to pack his big cock inside the tiny thing. “I’m sorry, man. I don’t know what got into me.”

Rick started for the steps to the main deck, but Cotton grabbed him roughly by the arm and yanked him inside the pilothouse. He slammed Rick against the wall, and Shawn helped hold him still.

“I think Lucky was right on his first guess,” Cotton said. “You’re just a frustrated closet cocksucker.”

“I’m not gay!” Rick insisted. “But I can’t help being a little curious about the things you guys do. I never saw anything like the kind of stuff that goes on aboard this boat!”

The two naked seamen stood on each side of Rick, holding his arms against the wall. His rapidly shrinking hard-on was still bulging out the crotch of his Speedo, and a damp spot of pre-cum on the filmy nylon revealed his horniness.

“You’re pretty goddamned hot for a guy who’s just curious,” Shawn said, supping Rick’s damp cock-bulge with his hand.

“Get your fuckin’ hand off my cock!” Rick blurted excitedly, struggling against them for a moment.

“You don’t really mean that,” Shawn smiled, feeling the guy’s prick suddenly swelling again under his caress. “You’re hot as a pistol!”

“Awww, damn,” Rick moaned in anguish, hating his cock for responding to Shawn’s tongue that way. “Don’t... you guys!”

The swarthy stud’s handsome face was contorted by a grimace of soul-wrenching pain when he realized his prick was betraying him. Under the warm caress of Shawn’s hand, Rick’s cock stiffened and crept upward until the drooling cockhead was projecting lewdly over the top edge of his bikini.

“You’ve got a nice cock,” Cotton said enthusiastically. He grasped the exposed head of Rick’s cock, rubbing the slippery pre-cum over the cock-knob with his thumb. “How come your ex-wife didn’t appreciate such a nice equipment? Huh?”

“Stop it!” Rick bellowed, unexpectedly jerking loose and punching Cotton in the stomach with a clenched fist.

A brief scuffle ensued before Shawn and Cotton were able to subdue the violent young man. They pinned him against the wall again. All three of them were breathing hard from the exertion.

“This son of a bitch is nuts!” Shawn said, using both hands to hold Rick’s arm against the wall.

“That does it,” Cotton said, glaring at Rick. His stomach was still hurting, and he was mad. “I think the time’s come for you to suck some cock and get out of your system.” He forced a wry smile. “You’ll feel better afterward.”

CHAPTER FIVE

“On your knees, cocksucker!” Shawn said harshly, pushing down on Rick’s broad shoulders.

“You guys are gonna be sorry!” Rick blurted, resisting the downward pressure of Shawn’s hands.

“No more games, buddy,” Cotton said, out of patience with Rick’s unpredictable nature. He assisted Shawn in pressing down on Rick’s shoulders. “This is the real thing this time — and you will suck our cocks.”

“Oh, God!” Rick whined as he sank to his knees under the insistent pressure of their strong hands on his shoulders. “I don’t wanna do this.”

“Yeah, you do,” Cotton said. “You just don’t know it yet.”

“I’m beginning to understand how it was you got yourself tied up and raped yesterday,” Shawn said as he eyed Rick’s sexy physique and noticed that his cock was still nudging out over the top edge of his red Speedo. “You’re one hell of a cock-teaser, man.”

The two naked seamen moved close, jacking their partially hard pricks near Rick’s face. The appalled young stud settled unwillingly onto his haunches, closing his eyes to the sight of the two rapidly stiffening cocks being thrust in his face. He kept his eyes closed tightly. His breathing became uneven and nervous tremors caused his muscular body to jerk perceptibly. Beads of perspiration glistened on his forehead, and his lower lip was quivering.

Cotton saw it as significant that Rick’s hard prick was still projecting undiminished from the waistband of his brief swimsuit. While he jacked off, he silently indicated the guy’s hard-on to Shawn, who smiled and nodded knowingly.

“Here you go, cocksucker,” Shawn said, pushing his glossy cockhead roughly against Rick’s soft lips. “Suck it.”

Rick reacted violently, lurching back and twisting his neck to avoid contact with Shawn’s prick. Cowering back against the wall, he looked aghast at the two naked men who were towering above him and wagging

their cocks in his face. From his vantage point at crotch level, Rick saw the two cocks as much larger than they actually were. He stared with wide eyes for a few seconds, simultaneously fascinated and horrified. Tumultuous emotional upheavals clouded his mind as he gaped vacantly at the two drooling pricks.

“Come on, pretty-boy,” Shawn snapped. He grabbed a handful of Rick’s thick black hair and forced the kneeling stud to remain still as he thrust his cock against his closed lips. “Open up and take it!”

Rick looked up at Shawn’s trim athletic body for a second. Then he closed his eyes and allowed the redhead’s cock-tip to part his lips. As the prick slithered into his mouth, he tasted the alkaline flavor of Shawn’s pre-cum. Startled, Rick’s nostrils to flare and he nervously licked the slime of pre-cum from his lips. He suddenly felt nauseated and weak.

“Touch our bodies,” Cotton said, grabbing Rick’s hand and placing it against the thick base of his cock.

“Yeah, do what you want to for a change,” Shawn said, forcing Rick to grasp his pulsing cock with his other hand. “Feel good?”

Rick involuntarily curled his fingers around each big hard cock-lance, feeling their rigidity and warmth with trembling hands. The cocks he held did feel good in his hands, and he hated himself for that. He looked at the two studs’ naked bodies, the one guy all blonde and tan and the other ruddy and redhead. They were both handsome and well-built.

The kneeling young man cringed at the hint of pleasure he felt as he grasped their pricks in each hand. More beads of sweat broke out on his brow and he began to shake...

The gripping feat that caused Rick to tremble and sweat now was no stranger to him. He had fought the demon within before. And yet, like a moth attracted to a flame, Rick was repeatedly drawn perilously close before being repelled by the intense heat. Only this time he had gone too far, allowing himself to be sucked into the strange world of forbidden pleasures before he could withdraw unnoticed and unscathed.

Unable to stop himself, Rick caressed Cotton’s huge prick and, with his other hand, felt Shawn’s red-furred balls. Then he grasped both throbbing cocks, curling his trembling fingers around the thick cock-shafts — even as

he averted his eyes from the sight of the pricks he held. He licked his lips nervously, wanting to give in to his secret urges, yet absolutely terrified of this moment.

Rick felt that he should be appalled rather than fascinated. He vaguely understood that his terror of cocksucking sprang from a fear that he might learn to love it... that he might discover sucking a good-looking guy's cock wasn't as appalling as he felt it should be. He wanted it to be horrible, yet the prospect didn't seem all that dreadful.

"Look at that," Shawn said as he and Cotton watched Rick helplessly grasping their hard cocks. "He's gonna go for it!"

"He's scared," Cotton murmured, noticing how Rick was trembling and breathing convulsively. "Maybe we shouldn't—"

"Suck that cock, bastard!" Shawn snapped, lurching his hips and thrusting his wet cock-knob against Rick's lips once again.

"No!" Rick gasped, turning his face away quickly. "No fuckin' way!" He was turning pale under the stress of the opposing forces battling within his mind.

Suddenly Rick's eyes focused on something behind the two naked male bodies towering over him — a fire ax mounted for easy access on the instrument panel.

Panic seized him. In a complete suspension of rational thought, Rick perceived his situation as an apocalyptic climax to a long and bitter struggle — the ultimate moment of truth that would decide once and for all if he was homosexual. He believed that if he was not gay, this was the time to prove it to them — and to himself. In a seemingly frozen moment, punctuated by the hollow pinging sound of the boat's sonar, Rick teetered at the edge of hysteria as Shawn's slimy cockhead pressed urgently against his lips.

Rick's eyes focused again on the red handle of the fire as. There was a way out! His pupils dilated and adrenaline surged through his distended veins as his pulse quickened.

In an abrupt flurry of flailing arms and jabbing elbows, Rick pushed the naked seamen aside and lunged for the ax. His and Cotton's hands reached the ax handle simultaneously. The ax was torn from its mounting and they

began to struggle. Shawn joined Cotton in trying to wrench the lethal weapon from the panic-stricken young man, and the ax was twisted in all directions as they fought for it. In his hysteria, Rick seemed to have incredible strength, and he tore the ax from their hands and began swinging it wildly.

Shawn ducked quickly to avoid the ax blade as it whizzed past his head. A split-second later, there was a tremendous crash as the heavy blade of the ax smashed into the marine radio. Electrical sparks flew and puffs of blue smoke emerged from the demolished console. The explosion startled Rick for a moment and Cotton yanked the ax from his hands, throwing it onto the floor as he and Shawn manhandled the bewildered guy into a corner.

“You crazy bastard!” Cotton yelled in Rick’s face. “You busted our goddamned radio.” He shook Rick like a rag doll. “That radio was our lifeline, you stupid fucker!”

“Never mind the damned radio,” Shawn said in disgust, helping Cotton hold Rick securely in the corner. “The son of a bitch just tried to kill me!”

“I wouldn’t kill anybody,” Rick muttered dazedly. “I guess I just went a little crazy.”

“You’re a public menace,” Shawn said, glaring at Rick. “You’ve gotta be nuts... struttin’ around in your little Speedo and acting like you want to be had, then going berserk every time anybody touches you. What the hell is your problem?”

“He is dangerous,” Cotton said unhappily, shaking his head. “Let’s confine him below till we have time to watch him. We’ve got some fishing to do today.”

“I’ve got a better idea,” Shawn said, a wicked gleam in his green eyes. “Let’s chain him up on the man deck. He’s pretty, and it might be good for morale to have him where we can see him.”

“That’s not a bad idea,” Cotton said, grinning. “And the four of us can fuck him — when we don’t have anything better to do.”

“Captain Tyler!” Rick blurted. “You can’t be serious.”

“Hell yeah, I’m serious,” Cotton said. “There are only two things we take seriously aboard the Apollo — fishing and fucking, in that order.”

Rick Marinaro recoiled in horror at the thought of being gang-banged by the four rowdy seamen. His horror wasn't motivated so much by the possibility of pain and degradation as by the knowledge that he might like getting his ass fucked. The memory of how he had responded favorably to Lucky Donovan's cock up his ass was still fresh in his mind. He had already learned there was a thin line indeed between degradation and elation.

"I want to go back to Tampa," Rick said bitterly.

Cotton laughed, shaking his head. "I hope you're a strong swimmer, buddy. Tampa's about two hundred miles due east, and we're headed west."

"I'm an officer of the federal government," Rick said in desperation, clutching for straws.

"Fuck the federal government," Cotton snapped. "And fuck you."

"And, by God, we will!" Shawn said, shoving Rick roughly toward the pilothouse doorway.

Rick Marinaro was stripped of his provocative red Speedo and chained naked to a cargo boom near the bow. The rusty manacles Cotton clamped around Rick's wrists had never been used before on the Apollo, since there had never been a case of a berserk crewman to be dealt with. Shawn padlocked the heavy chains around the vertical shaft of the cargo boom, leaving Rick enough chain to move about without straying too far.

"There," Shawn said, snapping the huge padlock shut and looking at Rick's beautiful body. "Maybe you can work on that all-over suntan of yours today while we get some fishing done." His gaze came to rest on the dark young stud's big cock, which was dangling limply now. "And tonight... ummm-ummm!"

"This is inhuman!" Rick said, rattling his chains angrily.

"Shit," Cotton laughed, slapping Rick's bare ass. "You've got the easy part. All you have to do today is sunbathe. We've gotta haul in a ton or so of tuna." He pinched Rick's jaw as if he were a child. "And I promise we won't kill any porpoises, if that makes you feel any better."

"To hell with the porpoises," Rick mumbled.

Chained naked like an animal under the relentless sun, Rick paced nervously, incessantly circling the boom mast to which he was bound. His long chains clanked and clattered as they wound around the mast, causing him to pace in ever-smaller circles until, at length, he had to reverse direction to unwind the chains.

All morning, while the four seamen worked on the aft section of the boat — hauling in nets full of tuna and packing the catch in the refrigerated hold — Rick continued to pace, winding and unwinding the chains connecting his wrists to the mast. He had never been so humiliated, never felt so completely naked and vulnerable before in his life. The infernal rattling of his chains kept him acutely aware that he had been reduced to a captive sex slave, and he knew it was only a matter of time before the four horny seamen would find time to abuse his body.

The setting sun's crimson disk was flattening on the western horizon, a watery streak of red light seemingly connecting it with the Apollo, which was rocking lazily on a gentle swell. It had been the longest day of Rick Marinaro's life. He sat naked on the deck, leaning against the boom mast to which he was chained, staring hypnotically at the flattened sun as it slipped into the sea. He half expected to hear a hissing sound, but there was only a silent flash of dull green light, then darkness began to fall rapidly.

The four lusty sailors were in the galley having dinner, and he could hear them laughing and talking loudly. No one had bothered Rick all day, even though he had spent the entire day expecting to be raped at any moment. The unrelieved tension had left the terrified young man totally exhausted, and his head began to nod as darkness enveloped him. The monotonous droning of the Apollo's diesel engine quickly lulled him into merciful sleep...

“Rise and shine, pretty-boy! Party time!”

Lucky Donovan's booming voice startled Rick from his slumber. He looked up and saw the four rowdy seamen standing around him in a close circle, all naked and guzzling from beer cans. A floodlight up on the pilothouse illuminated the deck.

“Oh, shit!” Rick murmured, rubbing his eyes and squinting at them in the brilliant light.

“Hi,” Damon said uneasily as he knelt beside Rick. “You okay?”

“I’m dying of thirst,” Rick said, running his tongue across his dry lips. “The sun dehydrated me.”

“I’ll get you some water,” Damon said as he got up.

“Let the son of a bitch drink cum!” Lucky laughed, wagging his horse-prick near Rick’s face. “He’s got an incentive now.”

“Get him a drink,” Shawn told Damon while he hoisted Rick’s chains over a horizontal beam of the cargo boom. “But be quick about it.”

Cotton helped Shawn with the chains, and they pulled Rick’s naked body into a standing position, reeling in the chains until his arms were stretched upward in a wide V. The rusty manacles hurt Rick’s wrists, forcing him to stand on his tiptoes for a moment until they released a bit of chain.

“You bondage freaks make me puke,” Rick spat.

“Bondage freaks?” Cotton laughed. He slapped Rick’s bare ass playfully. “You better be damned glad we’re not real bondage freaks, man. Hell, this is just child’s play. All we want to do is fuck you.”

“Yeah,” Lucky said, stepping close and cupping Rick’s hairy balls with one hand while pinching one of his brown nipples lightly. “Aren’t you glad there aren’t any ball-mashers or tit-pinchers on this tub?” Then he squeezed Rick’s balls savagely and pinched his nipple hard.

“Ouch!” Rick blurted, bucking his body wildly. “You son of a bitch!”

“Knock that shit off, Lucky,” Cotton said firmly. “You play by the rules I laid down or you can go below.”

He squeezed Rick’s balls roughly again, rolling them together painfully in his big hand. Rick lurched in pain, clattering his chains.

“Lucky!” Cotton snapped. “I meant what I said.” He glared ominously at the big brawny stud.

“I know, I know,” Lucky said, releasing his vice-like grip on Rick’s balls. “Don’t hurt pretty-boy.”

“You better not hurt him,” Damon said as he returned with a plastic tumbler of water for Rick. “He’s a nice guy — he’s just confused.”

The spunky teenager held the tumbler to Rick’s parched lips, allowing him to drink.

“Yeah?” Shawn said. “Well, that nice guy tried to separate my head from my shoulders with an ax this morning.”

“And the fuckin’ radio’s demolished,” Lucky said, punching Rick ominously on the shoulder. “So we’re strictly on our own out here. Maybe sittin’ right in the path of that goddamned hurricane that’s brewin’ without even knowing about it.” He poked Rick’s shoulder again, trying to get his attention. “You ever been in a big wind, buddy?”

Rick kept gulping water from the tumbler Damon held to his lips, but he was watching Lucky from the corners of his eyes. The hulking giant of a stud scared the hell out of him. Despite Lucky’s sensuous beauty, Rick saw him as a savage brute.

“We don’t have to worry about that storm,” Cotton said as he ran his hands over Rick’s naked body with increasing interest. “I know those storm tracks and that one’s gonna veer off past Miami and head for Cuba. It won’t cross over into the gulf.”

“You never know for sure,” Shawn said uneasily, watching his lover inspect the merchandise. “I think we ought to head back to Tampa and get that damned radio fixed.”

Cotton quit fondling Rick, who was still gulping water, and put an arm around Shawn’s shoulders. “Look, you know the bank’s hounding us for the back-payments on the Apollo. And the only way we can catch up the payments is to bring in a full cargo of tuna now, while it’s a seller’s market.” He shook his head. “We’re not going back to port till that hold is full... unless you’re ready to let the bankers have this boat and start working for those beady-eyed bastards.”

“Aye-aye, Captain,” Shawn said, exaggerating his normally slight Scottish accent. “But now, with your permission, sir, I’d like to take time

out from all this grim business to fuck the ass of our adorable young prisoner.”

Cotton let his hand slide down Shawn’s back and squeezed his asscheek. “Permission granted, matey — and I’ll take sloppy seconds!”

Rick gulped hard, choking on the water Damon was pouring down his throat. He spewed a mist of water onto the teenager’s chest and belly, gasping for air. Damon threw the tumbler aside and whacked Rick on the back a couple of times.

“Okay now?” Damon asked, his face very close to Rick’s, their eyes locked momentarily.

“Don’t let them do this to me,” Rick whispered imploringly, seeing in Damon’s gentle nature his only hope.

Abruptly, Rick lurched as he felt Shawn’s hot moist tongue lap into the crevice of his ass. Shawn had knelt behind him and was grasping his hips while he licked his ass.

“Just relax and go with it, man,” Damon said as he reached out and touched Rick’s handsome face softly with his fingertips. “It can be good, if you’ll just let it be good — believe me.”

Grasping Rick’s flaccid prick, Damon smiled. The boy knew he couldn’t stop his buddies, even if he wanted to, and he didn’t really want to. The horny teenager, enthralled by Rick Marinaro’s exceptional beauty, was looking forward to another opportunity to use and abuse this gorgeous studly body.

CHAPTER SIX

Licking Rick's smooth suntanned ass was turning Shawn on rapidly, and his stiffening cock rose up hugely from his red-furred crotch while he knelt behind the chained-up young stud. He gently prepared Rick's ass for fucking by depositing warm saliva in the crevice of his ass and then pushing the accumulated spit into his asshole with his tongue.

Cotton had dimmed the huge floodlight on the bridge in hopes of creating a more romantic atmosphere on the deck of the Apollo. But Rick Marinaro found it impossible to regard his rape as a romantic affair. The subdued lighting seemed to only make the seamen less inhibited, which compounded Rick's terror.

Damon dropped to his knees before Rick's tautly stretched body, kissing the hard flesh of his flat belly and nuzzling his nose into the black belly mane between his navel and his lush pubic hair. The scalloped ridges of the dark stud's abdominal muscles stood out in bold relief as he tensed under Damon's and Shawn's hot tongues.

Lucky tweaked one of Rick's brown nipples and licked hotly at the tuft of black hair at his armpit. Rick's upwardly stretched arms flinched, rattling his chains as Cotton moved to his other armpit and licked sensuously, tasting the salty sweat there. While Lucky and Cotton lapped at Rick's hairy armpits, they ran their hands over his naked body, feeling his taut muscles and smooth flesh with sensitive fingertips.

Rick's bronzed body undulated under the assault of four hot tongues and he threw his head back, biting his lower lip and despising the unwanted surge of horny excitement that was building up in him. Damon was licking around his hairy balls, causing his cock to respond with a gradual swelling. Shawn's tongue was probing into his asshole, causing him to remember the shameful pleasure Lucky's big prick had brought to his ass the day before. The titillation of having both armpits licked made him squirm, and he found himself actually looking forward to the moment when Damon would suck his cock into his warm mouth.

“Awwww!” Rick wailed pitifully. “God noooo!”

Already he knew his protests had taken on a different meaning. He was no longer terrified of what they were going to do to him — he was terrified of the incredible pleasures he knew were coming. His wailing was a desperate outcry against pleasure he was convinced he should not be experiencing.

“God help me,” Rick murmured as he realized his prick was standing straight out from his loins, brushing against Damon’s face while the boy licked his balls.

Damon was pleased when he felt Rick’s hardening cock pulsing against his temple. He gave the stud’s hairy balls one last lick, then ran the flat of his tongue up the shaft of his cock. Rick moaned in unwanted bliss when he felt Damon’s soft lips clamp over his cock-knob. The boy began sucking avidly, and Rick’s prick jerked with excitement. He lurched his hips forward, fucking the blunt head of his cock into the buttery tightness of Damon’s throat.

Satisfied that he had sufficiently lubricated Rick’s asshole with saliva, Shawn stood up and guided the tip of his prick between the young stud’s buns, pressing his cockhead into his wet ass-crack. Rick stopped lurching, afraid he was going to impale his ass on the redhead’s cock while he was fucking Damon’s mouth. But Shawn pressed forward, parting the resisting sphincter with his thick cock-knob and the inevitable impalement of Rick’s ass began.

“Ohhhh, shit!” Rick rasped hoarsely as he felt Shawn’s cock fucking into his ass. In the next instant, Shawn’s rough fuck-thrust drove the cock deeply into his ass-guts. “Uuungh!”

Excited by Rick’s helplessness, Shawn grasped the young stud’s slender waist and began to fuck him brutally, sending jolts of burning pain through his loins.

“Aaiieee!” Rick shrieked loudly as Shawn’s fucking prick plundered his shocked asshole. “Awwww, no! Don’t!”

Cotton and Lucky moved away, leaving Rick to Shawn and Damon for the moment. Anxiously awaiting their turns, they sat down on the deck and guzzled beer while they watched. Lucky was jacking his colossal prick, terrorizing Rick with the mere sight of such a frighteningly huge prick.

While Shawn fucked his ass and Damon sucked his cock, Rick stared aghast at Lucky's big pole of cock-meat.

"Want this up your butt again?" Lucky asked when he saw how Rick was looking at his cock while he jacked off.

"Hell no!" Rick spat, scowling at the big brute.

Lucky laughed, looking back at Cotton. "Man, you should've seen him humpin' that cute ass up for more when I fucked him in the bunk room. The crazy fucker kept hollerin' no and backing his ass onto my cock at the same time. He can't help loving it!"

"Shut up!" Rick yelled, knowing that what Lucky said was true. "Just shut up!"

"Just let me know when you want it," Lucky said snidely, wagging his big cock lewdly at Rick.

"Never!" Rick cried out, even as he was beginning to feel pleasurable sensations from Shawn's cock fucking in and out of his ass.

Cotton took a swig of beer and lay back, propping himself up on an elbow. "You should've seen his face when Shawn and I caught him beating his meat on the bridge this morning," he said to Lucky. "He was getting off on watching us sixty-nine."

Being reminded of how he had come to be in this situation sent another shock wave through Rick's tormented mind. He hung his head in disgrace and closed his eyes, ceasing his struggling. When he relaxed somewhat, the prick that was plunging in and out of his ass caused less pain and more pleasure. Combined with the sensations caused by Damon sucking his cock, the fucking began to feel good. There was still pain, but the pain was good.

Rick couldn't believe it. Once again, he was being driven toward a mind-blowing climax by a cock fucking into his ass-guts. It was happening again, and he was helpless to control the strange sensations flooding his body. He couldn't keep from enjoying the hot friction of Shawn's cock fucking his ass. Rick relaxed more, letting the manacles on his wrists support his weight.

Just as he was getting accustomed to Shawn's relentless fucking, Rick realized the redhead was about to shoot his wad. He felt Shawn's hands

clutching frantically at his slender waist, felt the guy's cock fucking his ass at incredible speed, and sensed his mounting excitement.

Shawn began to bite at the back of Rick's neck, fucking his cock in to the balls and wallowing his cock-lance deeply within the young stud's ass-guts. He reached around Rick's waist, clasping him tightly as he shuddered in the initial throes of climax.

Rick felt Shawn's hot cum-load burst forth within his ravaged ass, flooding his bowels with liquid heat as the jism exploded in rapid-fire spurts. He saw Lucky watching his face while Shawn fucked his ass full of cum, and he knew Lucky could tell he wasn't finding the experience as appalling as he pretended. Lucky had been there and he knew... knew that, no matter what Rick said, he was as cock-crazy as Damon.

The sensation of Shawn's cum filling his guts sent Rick over the edge. His cock was tingling in Damon's sucking mouth, and his balls drew up tightly against his crotch. He bit his lip, knowing that to cum would prove — once again — that getting fucked in the ass excited and thrilled him. He tried to hold back his climax, tensing his muscles and closing his eyes again to the sight of Lucky Donovan's muscle-bound body and gigantic prick. But it was no use. The stimulation provided by Damon's hot mouth was inescapable and Rick felt his cum surging up through his cock.

Unable to stop himself, Rick lifted his feet from the deck and clamped his smooth suntanned thighs around the teenager's head. With Shawn's cum-gushing prick still embedded in his ass, he squeezed Damon's head between his legs and let his cum go. As his cum-load filled the boy's mouth, Rick threw his head back and lolled his tongue out, gasping and moaning in unleashed ecstasy.

“Look at that!” Lucky said enthusiastically while he and Cotton watched the spectacle of Rick Marinaro finally letting himself go. “Man, he needed that.”

“I know,” Cotton smiled between swigs of beer. “It’s been tough on him, but he’s about to come around.”

“He’s there already,” Lucky said, watching the expression of utter bliss that came over Rick’s face in the aftermath of his stupendous climax. “I think he’s gonna be all right now.”

Damon gulped heartily, swallowing the rich creamy cum that kept filling his mouth. He couldn't hear the others talking because Rick's strong thighs were clamped against his ears. All he was aware of was Rick's cum-belching cock in his mouth. He kept swallowing, savoring the alkaline flavor of the warm jism that coated his teeth and gums and filled his cheeks.

Reaching beneath Rick's ass — which was suspended in midair as he hung from the chains and locked his legs around Damon's neck — Damon felt where Shawn's thick prick was fucked into Rick's clasping asshole. He could feel the stud's sphincter clenching rhythmically on Shawn's cock, clenching in a tempo that matched the spurts of cum rushing into Damon's sucking mouth.

Rick looked down at the way he was clamping his thighs around Damon's head and saw how the boy's ovaled lips were clinging wetly around the base of his cock, how his hairy balls were hammed against the cute teenager's chin. He suddenly wished he could reach down and caress Damon's soft brown hair, but the manacles kept his arms aloft. All he could do was rub Damon's back lightly with the tips of his toes, which were curling downward with delight as he kept cumming.

When his cock finally quit spurting jism into Damon's mouth, Rick began to bounce his ass on Shawn's spent prick, which was slowly shrinking. He bounced anxiously, as if trying to pump up a new load of cum for a non-stop marathon climax. But his lurching caused Shawn's limp prick to dislodge from his asshole with a wet slurp.

"Holy shit!" Shawn gasped as he backed away, startled at the way Rick's sucking asshole had tried to revive his exhausted cock. "Talk about fucking! This guy doesn't know when to stop!"

Rick heard Shawn's remarks, but he no longer cared what they thought. He was caught up in a raging lust that knew no bounds, and he kept lurching his ass, holding Damon's head tightly between his legs, unable to stifle the incredible need that burned in his loins.

To Damon's amazement, Rick's cock began to enlarge again in his mouth, stiffening to full rigidity in a short time. Rick began vibrating all over while he lurched wildly, cramming the thick head of his cock into the back of Damon's throat. Unable to take any more face-fucking, the boy

pried Rick's strong thighs apart and fell backward, sucking in deep breaths and looking up at the naked young stud in bewilderment.

"Jesus Christ!" Damon said, licking Rick's cum from his lips. "He's already ready to go again!"

Rick was standing again, his feet planted widely apart on the deck, his arms held up in a V by the chains. His big cock was standing stiffly at an upward angle, bobbing as if begging for more attention. His beautiful bronzed body glistened with sweat, and he was breathing convulsively.

"All right!" Lucky laughed, getting up and killing his beer. He threw the can overboard and sauntered over to Rick, grasping his throbbing prick. "How now, huh?"

Rick looked at Lucky's handsome face for a second, then turned his face away, unable to look the guy in the eyes. But his pulsing cock in Lucky's hand revealed what he found himself unable to say — that he was enjoying their cocks, their mouths and their bodies.

"You ready to suck some cock now?" Lucky asked, slowly jacking Rick's rock-hard prick.

"No," Rick whispered still looking away.

"Do you really mean no," Lucky asked suspiciously, "or are you just sayin' that from force of habit? Huh?" He held Rick's chin and turned his face where he could see him better.

Lucky was surprised to see Rick's dark lashes wet and matted, and glistening tears streaking down the sides of his nose. It was only then that he realized what pain had been born of Rick's pleasure.

Rick was surprised when Lucky enveloped him in his brawny arms and held him tenderly for a moment, their cheeks pressed together and their hard cocks touching. There was, after all, tenderness beneath the brute's vulgar and crass exterior.

Lucky turned his head slightly and licked the salty tears from Rick's face. It was then that Rick saw beyond the superficial wildness in Lucky's huge brown eyes. While the big hunk sucked and kissed his face, Rick could see a depth of character in his eyes that he had failed to perceive

before. And, paradoxically, Rick began to feel warmth and affection for the handsome savage who had brutally raped him just the day before.

“I think maybe I’m going crazy,” Rick murmured, resisting a compulsion to kiss the big stud.

“Naw, man,” Lucky whispered, kissing Rick’s chin affectionately and still holding him tightly. “You’re just comin’ out of it. You’ve been crazy for a long time and just didn’t know it.”

“What’s all this whispering about?” Damon asked uneasily as he popped a fresh can of beer open. “You guys fallin’ in love over there or something?”

Rick and Lucky ignored Damon’s question. Cotton and Shawn were sitting together, watching with rapt attention as Lucky continued to hug the chained-up prisoner. None of them had ever seen big mean Lucky Donovan act this way before, and his behavior was so startling to them that a strange silence fell over the group.

“You want me to fuck you?” Lucky whispered, his sensuous lips almost touching Rick’s.

“Awww, man!” Rick moaned, his intonation in a strange mixture of agony and ecstasy.

The dark young stud pursed his lips, causing them to touch Lucky’s mouth in invitation. Lucky responded instantly, pressing his thick sexy lips to Rick’s mouth and kissing him. Rick twisted his head, grinding his soft lips against Lucky’s mouth as their darting tongues touched. Rick moaned, wishing desperately that his arms were free... free to run his hands through Lucky’s beautiful shaggy blonde hair, free to touch the smooth skin of his massive shoulders and chest... free to grasp the big hunk’s super-cock in his hands.

The day before when he had been tied up and fucked in the bunk room, Rick had been thankful for the bonds that prevented him from responding the way he wanted to. But that no longer mattered. Now he wanted to touch those studly bodies. He still couldn’t face the prospect of sucking cock, yet he wanted to touch the guys, wanted to feel their naked bodies and caress their cocks.

“What is this shit?” Damon demanded, slapping Lucky’s bare ass hard. “You never kiss me like that!”

Shawn and Cotton laughed at the boy’s jealous snit and then cheered Lucky and Rick on as they continued their passionate kiss. Rick was rubbing his hard cock against Lucky’s stomach, and Lucky’s hands were swarming feverishly over the young stud’s suntanned body.

“Hey!” Damon shouted near their faces. “Stop it!” He punched Lucky hard on the shoulder with his fist.

Lucky’s and Rick’s mouths finally parted. Rick’s eyes were glistening with moisture and he was looking at Lucky as if he had never really seen a man before.

“You’re a beautiful guy,” Rick said boldly, looking into Lucky’s fawn-like eyes.

“Aw,” Lucky smiled, “you’re just sayin’ that because you know I’m gonna fuck you.”

“Just don’t be so goddamned sure of that, Don Juan!” Damon said, standing beside them with his hands on his hips. “I don’t like the way things are going here. Why don’t you let Cotton have his turn?”

“Yeah!” Cotton shouted, clambering to his feet. “You’ve already had a preview fuck yesterday, Lucky. My turn!”

“Fuck me,” Rick whispered to Lucky, gazing unwaveringly into the big stud’s eyes.

“All right!” Lucky said happily, snapping his fingers. “I knew you’d say that sooner or later.”

Perhaps Lucky had known, but Rick Marinaro certainly had not known he would ever ask a man to fuck his ass. He could hardly believe he had uttered the words, and yet a wonderful sense of release swept over him the moment he had said it. He went limp, dangling from his chains and lowering his head, unable to look at the anxious faces of the four fishermen. But it felt good to have said it at long last. It felt so good he wanted to say it again.

“Fuck me!” Rick screamed, piercing the still of the night with his wanton outburst. “Fuck the shit out of me! Fuck me! Oh God, fuck my ass off!”

“Get over here and fuck this nut, Cotton,” Damon suggested as he tugged at Lucky’s huge bicep. “Come on, Lucky... you’re gonna fuck me.”

“He wants me,” Lucky said, resisting his young lover’s tugs.

“So do I, goddamn it!”

“Anybody!” Rick shouted, flopping his head wildly and lurching about in a frenzy of lust. “All I want is a cock up my hot ass! Anybody’s cock!”

Damon posed cutely for Lucky, one hand on his hip as he grinned slyly. “Well! So much for that, Mister Wonderful.”

Embarrassed, Lucky looked at Damon’s smirking face for a second. Then he looked at Rick, who was writhing and struggling against his chains, lurching his naked ass as if fucking himself on an invisible prick. Suddenly, Lucky realized he just happened to have been the one who was there at the right moment — that the same thing would have happened, no matter which of the four seamen had been with Rick at that crucial moment when his defenses finally collapsed and he gave in to his inner urges.

“My turn,” Cotton said, winking at Lucky as he moved behind Rick’s thrashing body.

“Oh, yeahhh!” Rick purred contentedly when he felt Cotton’s nine-inch cock fucking into his ass. “Yeah man, fuck it to me!” He began gyrating his ass on Cotton’s big prick, babbling incoherently as he thrilled his butt on another cock.

Rick’s arms were hurting from being held aloft by the chains for such a long time, but his ass felt fantastic, stuffed with nine inches of hard prick. He gyrated his naked butt wildly, churning Cotton’s cock within his gurgling ass-guts and feeling the blonde stud’s crotch hair scouring his smooth asscheeks.

“Good God, I love it!” Rick muttered under his breath as he fucked himself into a frenzy on Cotton’s prick. “I just love it!”

“I know just what you mean,” Damon said as he grasped Lucky’s horse-cock and caressed the huge fucker that had entertained his hot little ass so many times. “There’s nothin’ like it.”

The marvelous feel of Lucky’s hard cock-lance in his hand caused the youth’s asshole to begin twitching in anticipation of the massive shafting he knew he would soon get.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Cum gurgled from Rick Marinaro's asshole as Cotton Tyler's nine-inch prick plundered his liquefied guts. The jism that had just been fucked up Rick's ass by Shawn was being pumped out now by Cotton's pistonning cock. The rough ass-fucking generated lewd slurping sounds, and stale cum drooled down Rick's thighs in glistening streams.

Rick's manacles were cutting into the tender flesh of his wrists, so he grasped the chains and hung on to take his weight off his wrists. Lowering his head, he looked down to see what was trickling down the insides of his thighs in warm streams. He could see the milky fuck-juice wetting his muscular thighs as it was pumped from his ass by Cotton's energetic fucking.

“Yuk!” Rick said, his upper lip curling in disgust for a moment.

But, as he watched the gelatinous masses of creamy jism glossing his suntanned flesh, the very lewdness of the sight perversely excited him. The warm wetness that smeared his lower asscheeks and drenched the insides of his thighs made the handsome young stud feel low-down and whorish, and he found himself unaccountably thrilled by the abuse and degradation they were heaping on him.

It was as if the four seamen knew what Rick needed, even though he hadn't known himself. He had become a mere thing to be fucked, a thing of beauty to be defiled, and he loved it. Exalting in the forbidden splendor of debasement now, Rick looked up at the chains that bound him while Cotton assaulted his ass. A sardonic smile lifted the corners of his mouth as he realized he loved the chains, loved his helplessness.

Feeling a hot hand on his hard prick, Rick looked down quickly. He was surprised to find Damon on his knees once again, about to suck him off.

“Wanna get off again?” the cute teenager asked, looking up at Rick while he held his cock.

“I don't think there's any cum left in my balls,” Rick said shaking his head.

Damon cupped Rick's hairy balls. "Where there's a hard prick, there's always more cum," the boy said impishly. He kissed the tip of Rick's cock, closing his eyes as he titillated the piss-slit with the tip of his tongue. "Ummmm!"

"What's he got that I don't have?" Lucky demanded, standing beside them and watching his young lover licking the head of Rick's prick.

"He's chained up," Damon said.

"I thought I was gonna fuck you," Lucky said to Damon. The big hunk was standing over Damon's kneeling form, jacking his party-sized cock slowly.

Damon looked up, grasping Lucky's big prick while he held onto Rick's cock with his other hand. "How about you fuckin' Rick while I back up on his cock — after Cotton's done?"

"Yeah!" Rick sighed anxiously. "Do it!" The idea of being fucked while he fucked Damon sounded interesting, especially since Lucky's horse-prick would be fucking his cock-hungry ass.

"Oh, you like that idea?" Lucky laughed, pinching one of Rick's nipples.

Rick looked down at Lucky's colossal hard-on and smiled, recalling the incredible sensations that giant prick had aroused in him before when it had ravaged his ass. When he looked up, Lucky had moved closer. Flickering smiles were exchanged, then their lips came together.

Moaning and gyrating his ass on Cotton's prick, Rick kissed Lucky passionately while Lucky pinched both his tits painfully. While Rick squirmed under the multiple sensations of pain and bliss, Damon took his cock into his mouth and began to suck gently. While he sucked, he reached between Rick's wet thighs and felt where Cotton's big prick was fucking into the cum-drooling asshole. Rick felt Damon push a couple of fingers up inside his ass alongside Cotton's plunging prick, stretching his sphincter even more.

Thrilled by the added sensation of Damon's fingers fucking into Rick's asshole along with his cock, Cotton became tense for a second, grunted loudly, then moaned as his climax caused him to shudder from head to toe.

He kept fucking wildly as cum gushed from his cock, flooding Rick's swampy ass-guts with yet more jism.

Damon felt the deluge of Cotton's cum as it enveloped his embedded fingers, adding more lubrication to the soggy fuck-hole they were abusing. The youth folded his thumb against the palm of his hand, making a wedge of his hand, and crammed all his fingers up into Rick's slimy asshole alongside Cotton's prick. His hand glided in on a slime of fresh cum until all his fingers were buried to the knuckles in Rick's ass and he was grasping Cotton's thick cock with his fingers within Rick's grossly expanded ass-ring.

“Oh, my God Almighty!” Rick blurted, vibrating all over at the bizarre sensation of having half a hand and a nine-inch cock stuffed up his ass together, “Awww, fuck!”

While Rick's tautly stretched sphincter pulsed on Damon's hand and Cotton's cock, Lucky was pinching his tits hard and biting painfully at his shoulder. Rick's cock throbbed hotly in Damon's sucking mouth while the kneeling boy tried vainly to shove his entire hand into the cummy fuck-hole. But Rick's ass-ring, stretched to the limit, resisted Damon's efforts.

The pain being delivered by Lucky's intense tit-pinching and Damon's hand in his ass suddenly seemed glorious to Rick. While he kissed Lucky again, he arched his back and undulated his butt in an effort to take all of Damon's hand into his ass along with Cotton's cum-spouting prick. His movements caused his cock to fuck in and out of Damon's mouth, and he thought he might blast another cum-load any moment.

Sensing Rick's nearness to climax, Damon drew back, letting the swarthy young stud's cock flop free of his mouth. But he kept his fingers jammed in Rick's ass.

In a blissful state of ecstasy, Rick threw his head back. His tongue dangled from the corner of his mouth while Lucky continued pinching his stiff nipples hard. He could feel Cotton's cum-load coating the interior of his ass-cuts, and he felt a new flood of warm jism running down his legs. Cum began to drip from his asshole in big milky blobs, falling directly onto the deck, as the cock and fingers held his distended sphincter open.

Finally spurting the last of his cum-load, Cotton slumped forward against Rick's muscular back, breathing hard and shaking with weakness in his knees after his hard climax. He pulled his cock from Rick's ass, drawing out stringy webs of glistening cum as his prick slithered from the guy's lax asshole.

The instant Damon felt Cotton's prick sliding out past his embedded fingers, he began to thrust his hand upward into the hot moist space being vacated by the withdrawing prick. His whole hand was sucked into Rick's cum-flooded ass and he felt the taut, slimy ass-ring grasping his wrist.

"Uungh!" Rick grunted as Damon's clenched hand filled his guts to capacity. He gritted his teeth and bore the beautiful pain.

Cotton stumbled over and dropped onto the deck beside Shawn. Lucky quickly released his vise-like grip on Rick's tits and moved around behind the chained-up stud, intending to fuck his cock up his ass. It was only then that he discovered Damon was reaching between Rick's legs from the front and had his entire hand inside his ass.

"Goddamn, Damon!" Lucky said in surprise as he knelt behind Rick to inspect the fist-fucking action. "When you break a guy in, you don't mess around." He leaned around Rick's naked hip to see Damon's face. "And I thought you were strictly a bottom man!"

"I am," Damon grinned mischievously. "But this guy's so into bottom, there's nothing to do with him but be a top man."

Rick was flopping his head crazily, clattering his chains and thrilling to the incredible pleasure-pain of Damon's fist working slowly in his mushy ass-guts. He didn't understand this talk about top men and bottom men. All Rick Marinaro knew was that he loved being abused and pushed to the limits of his physical endurance.

Damon twisted his fist roughly in Rick's bowels, causing him to grasp and arch his back.

"You're gettin' outta line, Damon," Lucky said nervously. "I don't like it when my bottom forgets his place and starts acting up. Understand?"

Abruptly, Lucky grasped Damon's arm and yanked his clenched fist from Rick's ass. The sudden withdrawal of the youth's fist dragged Rick's

raw, swollen interior membrane outward, bringing with it an obscene gush of shitty cum.

“Aaaggghh!” Rick cried loudly, snapping his head violently from side to side and banging his temples against his upthrust arms.

“Turn your butt around and fuck yourself on this guy’s cock,” Lucky said to the boy in a deep guttural tone. “And that’s an order!”

It was an order the horny teenager was more than happy to obey. He quickly greased Rick’s hard, upthrust prick with the slime that coated his hand and turned around, backing his ass onto the lubricated cock with ease.

The grisly pain in Rick’s ravaged ass was soothed by the new surge of pleasure he felt as Damon backed onto his cock. Damon’s ass-ring slipped quickly along the thick shaft of Rick’s cock until his hairy balls were pressed firmly against the boy’s asscheeks. Damon reached back and spread the crevices of his cute butt, pushing his tautly stretched sphincter to the flared base of Rick’s big prick.

Rick felt his balls being mashed as Damon pressed back hard, wiggling his butt and churning the stud’s fucker deep inside his ass-guts. Rick began to lurch his hips, fucking his cock in and out of the boy’s asshole. He suddenly wished his hands weren’t restrained by the manacles so he could hang onto Damon’s slender hips while he fucked him.

“That’s more like it,” Lucky said, standing with his hands on his hips and observing the fucking of his young lover. “That’s your proper place and don’t forget it.”

Damon bent forward, supporting himself by placing his hands on his knees. The position made his ass more vulnerable to Rick’s powerful fuck-thrusts, and each lunge was accompanied by the loud metallic rattling of the chains above Rick’s head. Damon could feel the stud’s furry balls swinging up onto his crotch with every fuck-thrust. Rick’s cock drove deeply into his guts, and he was almost thrown off balance each time the big cock fucked into his ass.

“Goddamn, that’s good!” Rick said, looking down and watching his cock fucking into the sexy youngster’s cute ass. “Lemme outta these fuckin’ chains!”

“No way, buddy!” Lucky said. “Not ’til I’ve had my turn fuckin’ that stud ass of yours, anyhow.”

Shawn and Cotton grinned as they lay back on the deck and watched. They knew Rick’s plea to be freed now wasn’t motivated by a desire to escape, but rather by a need to participate more freely in the fucking. The tone of his voice had revealed more than his words.

Rick looked back over his shoulder as Lucky Donovan moved into position behind him. “Oh yeah, man... fuck my ass with that super-cock of yours! Fuck me to death!”

“It won’t be that bad,” Lucky laughed as he rubbed his immense cock-knob up and down in Rick’s cummy ass-crack. “But it’s be bad enough to be damned good!”

Lucky shoved the head of his giant cock into Rick’s well-fucked asshole. There was virtually no resistance as Rick’s ass-ring spread to accommodate Lucky’s cock, which was as thick as some men’s wrists. The slime of cum from Cotton’s and Shawn’s recent fucking of Rick’s ass caused Lucky’s massive cock-lance to glide smoothly into the butter depths of his hot ass.

“Oh! Good... good... good fucking!” Rick rasped as he felt the big stud’s awesome cock filling his ass-guts. “Yeahhh!”

Rick began to lurch his hips, fucking his cock into Damon’s upthrust ass with every forward lurch and impaling his own ass on Lucky’s foot-long prick with each backward lunge. The wonderful sensation of fucking and getting fucked at the same time sent the beautiful young man into spasms of wild and raunchy thrills. Overcome with fuck-lust, he undulated his hips rapidly between the two guys as he grunted and groaned in blissful oblivion.

The beautifully ridged muscles of Rick’s abdomen rippled erotically as he hung from the chains and undulated his naked body between Lucky and Damon. The veins in his taut stomach stood out in bold relief and the taut muscles of his powerful arms and legs bulged. A glossy film of sweat coated his bronzed skin, highlighting every sinew of his sexy physique and plastering the dark hair of his belly mane against his stomach. His lush

black hair was tousled and perspiration beaded his brow. The sensuous thrills Rick felt caused his toes to curl and his delicate lips began to quiver.

“He’s a gorgeous bastard,” Shawn said, leaning back on an elbow and propping one knee up as he and Cotton watched.

“Too pretty for his own good,” Cotton remarked, his eyes focused on Rick Marinaro’s handsome face.

Rick altered the motion of his undulating hips, swaying from side to side. The sideways motion caused Lucky’s gigantic prick to churn at extreme angles within Rick’s ass-guts, simultaneously wallowing his cock in Damon’s hot little ass.

“Yeah man!” Damon said enthusiastically, enjoying the sensation of Rick’s cock rampaging in his guts. “That’s the way to fuck!” The boy looked between his own legs, seeing the young stud’s black-haired balls swinging heavily from side to side. The curly hair of Rick’s balls tickled the insides of Damon’s thighs.

“You notice something weird?” Cotton said to Shawn, sitting upright and looking around with mild alarm.

Shawn sat up, looking and listening for a moment. “Yeah,” he said slowly. “The swell’s building up — in the middle of the night. That is strange.”

They had failed to notice the gradually increasing rocking of the Apollo during all the fun with Rick Marinaro. Now, the boat was rolling considerably on a heavy swell. Ropes, pulley housings and other hanging objects were swinging alarmingly as the bow of the Apollo was alternately lifted high and then dropped low by the surging but smooth swells.

“That goddamned hurricane’s headed this way!” Cotton blurted in alarm, standing up and looking at the night sky.

“The stars are still out,” Shawn observed, pointing to the twinkling array of stars in the black vault of the sky.

“I don’t care,” Cotton said apprehensively. “You don’t get swells like this building in the middle of the night unless there’s a whopper of a storm coming your way.”

“I wish Rick hadn’t knocked out the damned radio,” Shawn said, leaning over the railing and watching the slow-rolling black water below.

“People in hell wish they had ice-water, too,” Cotton snapped. “Anyway, I don’t need any weather bureau to tell me when a big wind’s brewing.” He looked around again, sniffing the air like a dog. “I should’ve known. It’s been too still all evening — that’s not natural this time of year. This hot still air’s a sure warning we’re sitting right in the path of a tropical storm.”

“Fuckin’ good ass!” Lucky said hoarsely as he grasped Rick’s slender waist and slammed the cock-meat to his roughly.

Lucky’s colossal prick fucking in and out of Rick’s overly abused asshole was causing loud suctioning sounds, and his bare loins slapped noisily against Rick’s smooth, sweat-filled buns as he fucked him. The blonde fur of Lucky’s balls was plastered to the crinkly skin of his ball sac by a coating of the fuck-juice he was pumping out of Rick’s cum-filled ass.

Damon, still bending over with his hands on his knees, was totally relaxed as Rick’s cock plunged in and out of his asshole. The teenager was pleased to be getting his ass fucked by such a studly beauty as Rick Marinaro, and he was hoping the guy wouldn’t cum too soon and end the fun. He reached back and hung onto Rick’s thighs for balance and began to meet the swarthy young hunk’s fuck-thrusts with opposing thrusts of his naked ass. The lout slapping of Rick’s sweaty belly against Damon’s buns alternated with the slaps of Rick’s asscheeks against Lucky’s cum-drenched groin.

“You notice something else odd?” Cotton asked Shawn as they stood together at the railing surveying the black horizon where the stars disappeared.

“Yeah,” Shawn said. “No boats — no planes.”

It was an ominous sign. The Gulf of Mexico was a heavily traveled area, and it was rare for an evening to pass without the pinpoint lights of a few planes crossing the sky or the horizon being defined by the distant lights of a few other fishing boats.

“Everybody but us has cleared out,” Cotton said dismally. “That means we’re right in the storm track, and she isn’t far away.”

“Shit,” Shawn said in disgust, hitting the railing with his fist. “We should’ve headed back for Tampa soon as that radio got busted.” He glanced around at the deck of the Apollo. “You think this baby can ride out a hurricane?”

“Who knows?” Cotton said, shrugging his shoulders. “We’ve never put her through anything like that.” He steepled his fingers and touched them thoughtfully to his chin. “The storm’s between us and Florida now, so I guess we’ll soon find out how good a boat we bought.”

“Any chance we could hightail it to New Orleans or Gulfport and beat the hurricane ashore?”

“No chance,” Cotton said. “That storm swept clear across Florida from the Atlantic, so it’s a real big one.” He leaned on the railing, looking down into the inky water below. “We’ll have to ride it out and hope to hell we don’t go down.”

Damon, Lucky and Rick were still fucking madly, so engrossed in their activities they were unaware of the conversation.

Shawn put an arm around his naked lover’s shoulders and they fell silent, considering the gravity of their situation. The omnipresent creaking and groaning of the Apollo’s hull was punctuated by the lewd slapping and slurping sounds of the double ass-fucking that was still in progress on the deck.

“Boy, you sure know how to throw cold water on a fuck party,” Shawn said, hugging Cotton’s brawny shoulders. “I almost wish we didn’t know about the storm — since there’s nothing we can do about it.”

“Everybody’s gonna know by dawn anyway,” Cotton said, slipping an arm around his beloved Scotsman’s waist. “A hurricane’s not exactly the sort of thing you can conceal.”

Shawn McGregor’s handsome face was marred by a grim expression as the realization sank in that their lives were in grave danger.

CHAPTER EIGHT

A foot of cock up his ass was exactly what Rick Marinaro needed, and he no longer hated himself for loving it. The manacles that held his arms in an upthrust V were digging into his wrists, the pain serving as a constant reminder that he was a helpless captive. But he no longer minded the chains and manacles. He was bound for glory — the glory of having his ass fucked to mush by four studly seamen.

“Oh God, I’ll never be the same again,” Rick said hoarsely as he lurched between Lucky’s cock and Damon’s ass.

“I sure as hell hope not,” Lucky laughed, slapping Rick’s bare hip hard.

Exciting himself by slapping Rick’s hip, Lucky began to meet the sexy young stud’s backward lurches with rough fuck-thrusts. Fucking his horse-cock rapidly in Rick’s swampy ass, Lucky began using both hands to slap his naked buns hard, coordinating the tempo of his ass-slapping with his fuck-plunges.

Rick enjoyed the mild abuse, finding Lucky’s slapping of his ass exciting. Everything was exciting for Rick now. Damon was still bent over, wallowing his cute young ass on Rick’s cock. Lucky was fucking his colossal prick into the depths of Rick’s cummy ass-guts and his buns burned under the impact of Lucky’s slapping palms.

“Eeewww!” Rick squealed in a high voice, startling himself. “I’m about to go off again!”

“Yeahhhh!” Damon purred, looking back over his shoulder. “Fuck my butt full of your hot jizz, you big-cocked beauty!”

“I’m close too,” Lucky panted, gouging at an upward angle into the hot, slimy depths of Rick’s guts with his gigantic prick.

Rick’s head snapped back and he looked up at the chains that held him, his mouth gaping widely. His rib cage became prominently visible as he sucked in his stomach and the muscles of his arms and legs bulged. He clenched his asscheeks on Lucky’s cock.

Standing still and shuddering all over, Rick allowed Damon the pleasure of fucking his cute little ass wildly on his cock as he climaxed. Rick's cum-load burst forth in Damon's ass with such force that displaced air escaped from the boy's fluttering sphincter, causing lurid sounds. The black-haired stud felt as if his balls were being sucked up through his cock to be ejected along with his cum.

Damon reached between his own legs and squeezed Rick's pulsing balls, milking the good-looking hunk for every last drop of his jism.

"Oh, man!" Lucky gasped, wrapping his arms around Rick's slender waist and keeping his cock embedded in his ass. "I can feel you cummin', baby! Oh, yeah!"

Lucky pressed his face into the back of Rick's dark hair and thrilled to the titillating sensation of the guy's ass-guts massaging his prick in undulating waves of muscular contractions. The rhythmic clenching of Rick's ass muscles coincided with the powerful jets of cum bursting from his cock and flooding Damon's asshole.

"Oh, shit!" Lucky blurted, unable to restrain himself any longer. "I'm about to blow, man!"

Suddenly Rick felt the big blonde's hot cum hosing down the interior of his ass. He gyrated his suntanned buns against Lucky's belly, scouring his smooth ass against the brawny stud's wiry crotch hair as he clamped his greasy ass-ring on the thick base of the super-cock. Warm gushes of cum continued to gush into Rick's guts, gurgling out around Lucky's embedded prick and drenching both ass and belly in sticky slime.

Damon, still pumping his ass on Rick's spent prick, was beating his meat furiously, standing upright and jacking off as he lay his head back against Rick's chest. The youth's furry balls bounced wildly as he beat off and used his tightly clenched ass-ring to hang onto Rick's cock.

Heated up by the long siege of ass-fucking, the horny teenager didn't have to jack off long. His body tensed and his ass-ring held Rick's cock in a vise-like grip. He reached back and felt the cum-slimed lower curvature of one of Rick's firm buns. His hand pumped in a blur of motion on his rock-hard cock as he rubbed his thick brown hair against Rick's smooth, muscular chest.

Rick felt Damon's buttery ass-guts quiver and undulate as the boy blasted his cum-load. Damon's convulsing asshole massaged Rick's cock as the stretched sphincter dilated and closed in rhythm with the boy's spurts of cum.

White comets of cum flew from the gaping piss-slit of Damon's prick as his fist pumped up and down the thickly veined cock-shaft. Cum quickly coated his cock-knob and drooled down the length of his prick, coating his clasping fingers with a slippery film that caused slushing noises as he jacked off.

A few drops of Damon's cum splattered onto Shawn's bare ass while he and Cotton stood nearby at the railing, quietly discussing preparations for the hurricane.

“Crazy fuckers,” Shawn muttered as he reached back to wipe Damon's jism from his butt. “We better tell 'em the end of the world's about here.”

Cotton took Shawn's hand and drew it to his mouth, licking Damon's cum from his lover's fingers while he looked into his eyes with devilish merriment. “No use wasting anything.”

“Let's get serious here,” Shawn said irritably. “I can't believe you're being so frivolous at a time like this.”

“We've all had a lot of good times together — the four of us — haven't we?” Cotton said quietly.

“Maybe too many good times,” Shawn said, “and not enough hard work. But it's been fun.”

Cotton looked vacantly out toward the black void of darkened sea and sky, inhaling the salt air deeply. “I believe that, if there's any real point to life, it's to have fun.” He looked at Shawn and smiled remotely. “And we sure as hell did that.”

Shawn grinned. “On a fun-scale of one to ten, I'd rate us a ten — for sure!” Then his expression became serious. “But I'm not sure the amount of fun a guy's had is any way to measure fulfillment in life.”

“Why the hell not?” Cotton said. “If you don't enjoy life what the fuck's all the other good for? Financial success, intellectual achievement, respect

from your peers, good works... none of it's worth a shit if you don't ever have any fun."

Shawn shook his head, chuckling. "And I always thought you were the serious one." He reached out and touched Cotton's face lightly. "Here I've loved you all these years and never really knew you — 'till right here at the very end."

"Just listen to us!" Cotton said, hugging his redhead lover. "Standing around here talking like we're about to die." He smiled and kissed Shawn's lips gently. "We'll live through this goddamned hurricane and laugh about it later. You'll see."

Rick's anguished cries drew their attention. At first they thought he was screaming in pain, then they realized he was crying out for more fucking. Lucky and Damon lay exhausted on the deck, watching in amazement as Rick undulated his vacant ass in fucking motions.

"Don't stop, you bastards!" Rick yelled, rattling his chains and switching his head, causing his black hair to fly about. "Fuck me to death! Cram your fists up my ass! Use me!"

"Talk about one extreme to another," Shawn whispered as they watched the sex-crazed young stud writhe and moan.

Lucky was lying on his back. His colossal limp prick draped over the side of his hip, glistening with fresh fuck-juices from Rick's over-fucked ass. His brawny chest heaved mightily as he gasped for air in the aftermath of his climax. Nearby, Damon lay on his belly resting his forehead on his folded arms. His cute buns were shiny with smears of Rick's cum and he was breathing convulsively.

"Hey!" Rick shouted abrasively to Shawn and Cotton. "Get over here and fuck me again, you guys. Come on. I can take it!"

"Sorry, man," Cotton said. "But there's not a hard prick left aboard."

Rick looked hungrily at their naked bodies for a moment. Their cocks were hanging limply, dead and useless appendages. He wanted those cocks stiff — and fucking up his hot ass!

"Lemme outta these chains," Rick pleaded, his eyes focused on Cotton's dangling prick. "I'll suck 'em hard again!"

“I thought you didn’t suck cock,” Shawn said dryly.

“I do anything,” Rick said, licking his lips and eying Shawn’s cock now. “Anything!”

“You probably would,” Lucky commented, raising his head and seeing the snail trails of drying cum that glimmered on Rick’s legs. “You’re one wild son of a bitch.”

“Give me more cock!” Rick screeched hysterically, startling everyone with his demented facial expressions. “Fuck me!”

“Man, you’re pathetic,” Cotton said impatiently as he walked over and stood before Rick. “First you scream your head off because you’re gettin’ it, then you raise hell because you’re not gettin’ it. You’re a tough guy to please.”

Lucky sat up abruptly. “What the hell’s all this rockin’ around?” He had noticed everything swinging as the Apollo rode the gradually building crests of a swell. “There’s no wind.”

“Hurricane,” Cotton said.

“Aw, for shit’s sake!” Damon blurted, sitting up and suddenly realizing the boat was rising and falling abnormally. “Just what we need.”

“Hurricane?” Rick asked dumbly, coming out of his daze and surveying his surroundings. “This isn’t a hurricane. Nothing’s happening.”

“Exactly,” Cotton said. “Ever hear of the still before the storm? Well, this is it, man.”

“Oh,” Rick breathed, hanging his head in shame. “The radio. This is my fault.”

“Naw,” Cotton said lightly as he unlocked the chains and lowered Rick’s arms. “We’re experienced seamen. We should’ve known better than to stay out here without a radio.”

The long lengths of chain rattled noisily over the horizontal beam of the boom mast as Rick’s arms came down. He flinched at the pain in his joints, slowly moving his shoulders to take some of the stiffness away. His knees were weak and trembling, so he sat down on the deck. When he sat down,

his abused asshole gaped open and more cum gushed out, forming an obscene sticky pool beneath his bare ass.

“You’re a mess, man,” Shawn said while he removed the rusty manacles from Rick’s aching wrists. “You’d better go below and shower and pull yourself together.”

Dazed and exhausted, Rick sat there in the puddle of cum that was still draining from his abused asshole, trying to comprehend what had happened. News of the approaching hurricane had shocked him back to reality.

Running his fingers through his black hair, Rick looked around at the four naked guys who were anxiously watching him. He stared in bewilderment at their greasy, wilted pricks. He could hardly believe he had totally wasted four big strong studs with his insatiable ass and that — even while he was chained up and helpless — he had worn every one of them to a frazzle. It was as if he had drained them of their masculinity, and he began to feel a perverse sense of power because of that.

Suddenly, in a flash of revelation, Rick Marinaro understood his true role, his rightful place in the scheme of things. He had found glorious release in submissiveness, achieved stupendous climaxes while being defiled and abused, and found fulfillment in serving the needs of his masters. In a galvanizing confrontation with his own darker side, Rick had discovered he needed someone like him to abuse.

Rick’s upper lip curled into a wicked smile as he became acutely aware that his extraordinary good looks and his ability to enjoy abuse gave him a kind of subversive power — power to seduce and beguile decent men into thrilling him with indecent behavior.

“Are you all right, Rick?” Cotton asked, kneeling and looking into the young stud’s glazed eyes. “Hey!” He grasped Rick’s shoulder and shook him gently.

“Yes, I’m all right,” Rick murmured. “For the first time in my life, I’m all right.”

“No hard feelings?” Shawn asked uncertainly.

“Let’s do it again!” Rick grinned, devilish merriment twinkling in his light-brown eyes.

“Didn’t I tell you?” Lucky said. “He’s a natural bottom.” The big hunk stepped over Rick’s knees, dangling his huge limp prick in his face. “You love cock, don’t you?”

Rick nodded, the tip of his nose rubbing against Lucky’s slimy cock. The aroma of fuck-juice from his own ass filled his nostrils, disgusting him and luring him at the same time.

“Clean up my filthy cock, boy,” Lucky demanded harshly. He grasped his greasy prick and thrust it against Rick’s closed lips. “Come on, suck it clean.”

Obediently, Rick opened his pretty lips and allowed Lucky to cram his cum-slimed cock in. He gagged slightly as the thick rubbery prick slithered into his mouth. He could taste the acrid flavor of fuck-juices from his own ass mingled with the alkaline cum that coated Lucky’s cock. The base of the cock smelled like shit. Rick gagged again, but kept the big hunk of cock-meat in his mouth.

“Yuk!” Damon said, exaggerating his disgust because he was a little jealous. He realized he was no match for Rick when it came to submissiveness.

Rick, who had never done any cocksucking before in his life, was sucking his first cock under the worst possible circumstances. Lucky Donovan’s horse-prick, which had just been fucking into Rick’s liquefied ass-guts, was being crammed into his mouth now, still glossy with a nauseating slime of mixed cum and shit.

“Go on, man,” Lucky said impatiently. “Do what you want to do.” He placed his hand against the back of Rick’s head, gently forcing him.

With eyes turned upward so he could see Lucky’s handsome face, Rick began to suck on the putrid slab of cock-meat. The cock was limber and spongy in his mouth, and it seemed to conform to the shape of the interior of his mouth as it squished in. His oval lips were clamped around the thick base of the prick, and Lucky’s blonde pubic hair, which was wet, stuck to his face in damp clumps.

Hesitantly, Rick maneuvered onto his haunches and grasped the big stud’s naked hips for balance as he began to bob his head, fucking the unwieldy limp prick in and out of his mouth. Lucky’s muscle-bound torso

towered above him while he sucked, and he kept looking upward, his and Lucky's fawn-like eyes locked in an unwavering gaze.

"That's more like it," Lucky said confidently when Rick began to lave and suck on his filthy prick. "Tastes good — like a master's cock should, huh?"

"Oh, barf!" Damon said as he turned away and went to the railing.

"Jealous?" Lucky called to his young lover.

"I bet he can't suck his own cock while you fuck him!" Damon said quickly, immediately regretting it. He hadn't realized until that moment that he was feeling pangs of jealousy over the way Lucky was turning on to Rick's extreme submissiveness.

Lucky just laughed and looked back down at the way Rick was devouring his prick with hungrily sucking lips. Abruptly, he pulled his limp cock from Rick's mouth and held it to one side.

"Clean my balls up, too," he commanded.

Rick flicked out his tongue and began to lap the drying jism from Lucky's hairy balls. He licked diligently, until ass the cum was gone and the blonde hair of Lucky's balls was plastered wetly to the crinkly pink skin of the ball-sac. And, while he licked the big stud's balls, Rick reached around and spanned his hunky asscheeks and with his fingers, thrilling to the feel of his pliant rounded buns. Continuing to lap at Lucky's wet balls, Rick edged his fingertips into the stud's hairy ass-crevice.

"You wanna lick some ass too, while you're at it?" Lucky said in his best baritone voice. "You an ass-licker too, boy?"

"Um-hummm," Rick murmured as he rubbed his handsome face into Lucky's wet hairy crotch and flicked his tongue out against the limber cock-shaft near his lips.

Cotton and Shawn looked at each other and shook their heads in amazement while Lucky turned around and bent over, presenting his manly ass to the kneeling young man. Lucky was in his element, giving orders to an obedient and beautiful young man, playing mild discipline games with a willing slave.

When Lucky thrust his naked butt in his face, Rick hesitated a moment, looking at the big stud's smooth buns, hairy ass-crack, massive and muscular thighs, and the pendulous low-hanging balls that dangled between his legs. Unable to control himself, Rick licked his lips and reached out to grasp Lucky's huge legs. He swiped his tongue upward through the guy's furry ass-crevice, tasting salty sweat. He pressed his face into the crack of Lucky's ass, using the tip of his tongue to feel the big stud's puckered asshole amidst the swirls of wet hair that surrounded it. Then, delicately, he probed into the tight asshole with his tongue.

"You like eatin' stud ass?" Lucky asked as he reached back and spread his big asscheeks.

"Um-humm!" Rick murmured against Lucky's warm flesh. His nostrils flared as he inhaled the sweaty scent of the sexy jock's ass-crack.

"Call me sir, boy!" Lucky snapped with a tone of cavalier insolence.

"Yes sir!" Rick responded quickly.

Then he resumed licking Lucky's sweaty, hairy ass-crevice. And, while he lapped away, he felt strangely thrilled at having been put in his place by the big man. Rick knew he needed a bit of discipline, and he sensed that Lucky Donovan was just the guy to administer it.

"Yes sir," Rick said again, savoring the words and enjoying the humility as he kissed Lucky's smooth ass cheeks and squeezed the hard muscles of his thighs. Rick Marinaro was ready now to wallow in sexual servitude, and he no longer needed chains to justify it. "Love your beautiful ass, sir."

Damon, who was still standing at the railing, glanced back over his shoulder, glowering at Lucky. "Fuck you... sir!"

CHAPTER NINE

The next morning Rick was rudely awakened by a sharp blow to his head. At first, he thought someone has struck him. Then he realized the boat was bucking and lurching violently, and he had been thrown from his bunk and banged his head on the floor.

“Shit!” Rick said, getting up and looking around.

He was alone in the bunk room, and there was a sickening sensation of tumultuous motion, punctuated by brief intervals of near weightlessness. The Apollo was creaking and groaning loudly, and there were frightening snapping sounds as the hull and frame work resisted extraordinary stresses. Rick ran to a porthole and peered outside.

“Oh, my God!” he breathed, looking out with wide eyes.

Between splashes of foaming water against the porthole, he caught glimpses of the incredibly rough sea outside. Churning, wind-whipped dark waters towered up in frothy waves higher than the boat. A driving rain was being blown in horizontal sheets by a raging wind while the Apollo rode the angry sea.

Stark terror gripped Rick Marinaro when he caught his next glimpse of the ugly scene outside. The Apollo was riding the churning crest of a mountainous wave for a few seconds, then the boat dipped and slid rapidly down the slope of the great wall of water, diving into a horrifying trough between giant waves. The abrupt descent into the trough left Rick’s stomach queasy. In the next instant, the boat was being literally blown up the windward slope of the next colossal wave, where it teetered at the foamy crest for a moment before plunging into another seemingly bottomless trough.

Rick jumped back from the porthole as dark water slapped against it with such force he thought the thick glass might break. He hung onto a corner of a bunk bed, looking for his clothes. Loose objects were sliding weirdly back and forth across the floor, and he grabbed his backpack as it came by. While he dug in his backpack, Rick could hear the big diesel

engine of the Apollo straining against the onslaught of the storm. The engine's roar vibrated everything in the room.

He hurried getting into a pair of jeans and a Rod Stewart T-shirt. Rick sat on the floor and put on his sneakers without any socks. While he was tying his shoes, he found himself sliding across the bunk room as the Apollo's bow took an unusually severe dip. The sliding motion irritated his sore ass, reminding him of the previous night's marathon fucking session with the four fishermen.

A momentary surge of guilt made Rick tense when he recalled how he had begged the guys to fuck him to death, how he had wallowed in utter depravity, and how he had gloried in the defilement of his beautiful body.

Suddenly, the floor sloped at a steep angle toward the stern, and Rick found himself rolling across the room. Before he could right himself, he slammed into the aft wall with a dull thud. It didn't take an experienced sailor to know the Apollo was in danger of capsizing, and Rick's fleeting feeling of guilt evaporated as he realized he was in a very real life threatening situation. Hanging onto pipes and bunk beds, he made his way to the stairway. As he climbed the steep stairs, the narrow stairwell at times lay at such an angle that he found himself lying against the wall. Finally, he reached the door at the top of the stairs.

Rick opened the door to a watery nightmare. The driving rain drenched him instantly, as if a bucket of water had been thrown on him. The raging wind was shrieking against masts and guy wires. Forty-foot waves that towered above the boat were having their foaming crests literally blown off by the high winds, and the Apollo was being tossed about like a cork. While Rick stood in the open doorway, appalled by it all, he heard a loud crack. An instant later, the tall boom mast he had been chained to the day before fell across the deck with a resounding crash as he jumped back inside, a huge piece of fiberglass from the radar antenna housing went sailing by.

“Jesus!” Rick gasped, convinced that the Apollo was falling apart.

He couldn't see anyone on deck, so he steeled his nerves and began making his way to the bridge stairway, hanging onto railings to keep from being blown overboard. As he fought his way up the stairway, Rick had horrible visions of the whole crew having been swept overboard, and he

imagined himself alone on a sinking vessel. He bit his lower lip, hoping it wasn't so, praying for the sound of a human voice. He had never been so terrified before in his life.

Suddenly, there was a great roar of water as the Apollo's bow dipped into a rolling wall of dark water. The mammoth wave spewed and foamed across the deck below, almost swamping the lurching boat. Rick gulped and hung onto the stairway railing, realizing that if he had been standing where he was a few moments before, the angry sea would have claimed him. He had been lucky, ascending the stairs just before the deck inundated.

Finally reaching the bridge, Rick hung on for dear life and made his way to the pilothouse door — the place where, only the day before, he had stood with his Speedo down around his knees, jacking off like a maniac while he watched Cotton and Shawn sucking each other off. Now all that seemed a million years in the past, something that had happened in another life.

"Thank God!" Rick blurted when he saw the four fishermen inside the pilothouse. He yanked the door open and flung himself inside.

"Rick!" Cotton said in surprise. "What the hell are you doing out roaming around?"

Rick plastered his back against the wall, shuddering from fear as much as the cold drenching he'd had. "Just thought I'd take a little morning stroll," he said. Goose bumps dotted his suntanned arms. "How's the fishing today?"

"You idiot!" Shawn scolded, drying Rick's black hair with a towel. "Why didn't you call us on the intercom? You could've been washed overboard!"

"I didn't know there was an intercom," Rick said, still trembling. "I just woke up and everybody was gone, and it looked like the end of the world outside... so I got scared and came looking for you guys." He grasped Shawn's arm affectionately. "Goddamn, it's good to see you!"

"You were so out of it this morning, we decided to let you sleep," Cotton said. "There's nothing you can do to help, anyway."

“Feel better this morning?” Lucky asked, looking over his shoulder at Rick while he fought with the helm.

“Yes sir,” Rick said, feeling a chill race down his spine when his and Lucky’s eyes met.

Everybody except Damon laughed at Rick’s response.

“You can drop the sir stuff this morning,” Lucky chuckled. “No games now — this is real life.” He struggled to control the helm, which was resisting his efforts as the boat lurched to starboard. “Damn this fuckin’ storm!”

Embarrassed, Rick took the towel from Shawn and dried himself as best he could. His jeans and T-shirt were soaked, though, and the white cotton of his shirt clung wetly to his muscular torso. He felt nauseated, and suddenly found himself gagging with dry heaves.

“I think I’m sick,” Rick muttered, shaking his head.

“You’re seasick, man,” Damon said. “I’m a little queasy this morning, myself. And I live on this tub.”

Shawn gave Rick a capsule and some water, telling him it would relieve the symptoms. While Rick was drinking, there was a tremendous ripping and crunching sound overhead. Rick looked up at the ceiling, petrified with fear.

“There went the radar antenna,” Lucky remarked casually.

“The boat’s coming apart, isn’t it?” Rick asked nervously.

“Naw,” Cotton laughed. “We’re losing some equipment, but the hull’s holding up just fine. You think I’d buy a boat that falls apart?”

Rick could tell Cotton’s laughter was forced, that he was concerned about their safety. The absence of comments by the other guys confirmed Rick’s suspicion that they were in grave danger of sinking.

While Lucky battled to keep the Apollo heading into the wind, Rick began to understand the importance of what he was doing. It was obvious that, if the boat should turn sideways against the onslaught of gigantic waves and raging wind, it would undoubtedly capsize. Rick quickly understood the vital importance of the big diesel engine in those

circumstances, knowing that if the engine failed, they would founder hopelessly on the storm-tossed sea, capsize and slip to water graves beneath the choppy surface. This was serious business...

But still, even though he knew it was ridiculous under the circumstances, Rick found himself eying the four studly seamen and entertaining lustful thoughts. Something in his mind had snapped the day before he had become obsessed with sex. Vivid images of the men they had used his body flashed through Rick's mind, making him horny all over again.

He watched Lucky Donovan wrestle with the steering mechanism, his huge biceps bulging. Lucky was wearing his tight jeans and midriff T-shirt, exposing his brawny arms and scalloped abdomen. His dark-blonde hair had been wet recently and was curled into a mass of tight ringlets that dangled over the bandanna he kept tied around his head. His sinewy muscles rippled as he tugged at the helm, trying to keep the Apollo on course.

Rick looked at Damon, who was anxiously peering out through the rain-streaked windows. Damon was wearing his ragged cut-offs and a gray sweatshirt. His cock and hairy balls were partially visible below the frayed edges of his cut-offs, and his long slim legs looked good to Rick. The cute teenager's lower asscheeks came tantalizingly into view every time he moved.

Cotton and Shawn were both wearing ragged jeans and sweatshirts. An interesting rip in the seat of Shawn's jeans revealed a small section of smooth bun and a glimpse of his ass-crevice.

Knowing that death was a very real possibility, Rick still couldn't help feeling horny in the presence of these good-looking guys who had used and abused him so delightfully the night before. Rick felt cheated, as if he had only begun to live, and now this — a killer hurricane that threatened to snuff out his life just as he finally had the opportunity to experience fulfillment. It just didn't seem fair.

On the spur of the moment, Rick decided he had nothing to lose and everything to gain. He decided to go for it, hurricane or no hurricane...

“These wet clothes feel icky,” Rick said peeling his wet T-shirt off over his head. “Mind if I just wear a towel?” He quickly pushed his jeans down, struggling to get the wet denim off over his feet.

“Suit yourself,” Cotton said, mildly surprised at Rick’s immodesty at such a time. He was watching the horror in progress outside, and paid little attention as Rick stripped.

Lucky looked around, his fawn-like eyes scanning Rick’s naked body. “How about skippin’ the towel?” he said. “We could use some nice scenery about now.”

Rick smiled demurely and draped the towel around his neck, standing naked near Lucky. He knew the big stud was enamored of his beautiful, lithe body, and he shapelessly tempted him by moving closer.

“Oooops!” Lucky blurted as a huge wave tossed the Apollo at a steep angle, causing the bow to thrust upward. “Son of a bitch!”

For a moment, the bow seemed to be standing straight up, pointing skyward. They all fell back against the wall while Lucky hung onto the helm. The boat careened to port, threatening for one horrifying moment to turn on its side. Lucky spun the helm, heading the boat up the slope of a great rolling wall of water.

“Don’t bother Lucky any more,” Cotton said sternly to Rick.

“I didn’t do anything,” Rick said, shrugging his shoulders.

“Humph!” Damon snorted, looking askance at Rick, who had landed beside him against the wall. “Why don’t you put your clothes back on, man?”

“Why don’t you take yours off?” Rick asked seductively, reaching between the boy’s legs and grabbing a handful of bare cock and balls. “Hummm?”

“You’re nuts,” Damon said, trying to ignore Rick’s warm hand on his prick. But he made no effort to remove the stud’s groping hand.

Rick kept fondling the teenager’s cock and balls. He was pleased when he felt Damon’s prick responding, swelling and gradually stiffening in his hand. Rick knew Damon would now be the most difficult one of the four

guys to seduce, because the boy was jealous. Lucky's obvious fascination with Rick had cooled Damon's ardor, and the boy was now seeing Rick as a competitor for his hunky lover's attention.

Damon's cock crept from beneath his shorts, becoming rigid and huge in Rick's hand. Rick grinned with satisfaction, stroking the cute youngster's hard-on slowly.

"What is it you want?" Damon finally asked, realizing he could hardly conceal the fact that Rick had turned him on.

"I want to suck all of you guys off and swallow your cum," Rick said brazenly. "I want a belly full of you guys' jizz."

Suddenly, all eyes were on Rick, who went on shamelessly jacking Damon's hard cock. There were expressions of surprise on their faces.

"Have you by any chance noticed there's a hurricane going on?" Cotton asked sarcastically.

"What gives you the idea abstinence will save your neck?" Rick said, reaching out and grasping Cotton's cock-bulge while he kept jacking Damon's prick.

"There's a time for all things," Cotton said. "And this is definitely not the time for fucking."

"That's easy for you to say," Rick said. "You've had plenty of fun in your life. Me, I just started. And, by damn, if I'm gonna die in this lousy storm, I'm going down with a cock in my mouth and another one up my ass, 'cause that's what I want!"

"I love it!" Lucky laughed, hanging onto the lurching helm. "You're my kinda guy, Rick — damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead 'n' let the devil be damned! All right!"

Lucky reached back and grabbed Rick's cock, which was already partially hard. Rick saw the spark of jealousy in Damon's eyes and knew he had to act quickly. He dropped to his knees and took the boy's hard cock into his mouth.

Sucking on Damon's cock, Rick cupped his hairy balls in one hand and ran his other hand up under the youth's shorts to probe at his sensitive

asshole. While he titillated Damon's ass and balls, Rick slurped his ovalled lips down his cock-shaft until his nose contacted the frayed lower edge of the denim that now concealed nothing. Damon's hard-on had lifted the leg of his cut-offs, completely exposing his balls.

Damon looked at Lucky and they exchanged flickering smiles while Rick fucked his face rapidly on the teenager's prick. Lucky was glad Rick had chosen to suck Damon of first, because he was acutely conscious of the boy's jealousy. And, as anxious as Lucky was to make it with Rick again, he also wanted to share the thrills with his young lover.

"You're a pretty good cocksucker, for an amateur," Damon said, running his hands through Rick's damp hair.

"Have you guys lost your fuckin' minds?" Cotton snapped, watching Rick suck Damon's prick.

"Rick's right," Damon said, beginning to thrust his hips and fuck his cock in the young stud's mouth. "What the hell difference does it make? If we're gonna go down, we might as well go down first."

"Very funny," Cotton said dryly.

"Their logic seemed perfect to me," Shawn said with a grin as he unfastened his pants and flopped his cock out near Rick's face.

Seeing Shawn's prick from the corners of his eyes, Rick reached up and curled his fingers around the Scotsman's hardening fucker while he went on sucking Damon's cock. Shawn moved closer, rubbing his drooling cock-knob against the handsome young man's cheek. Rick caressed the cock as it rubbed warmly against his face.

"Well I'll be goddamned!" Cotton snorted in exasperation. "I think you guys have all—"

Abruptly, another mountainous wave swung the boat to starboard. The Apollo listed to port dangerously for a second, skidding on the slope of the giant wave like a surfer riding just ahead of the curl.

Shawn, Rick and Damon fell into a heap in the corner of the pilothouse. Cotton had grabbed the helm and was trying to assist Lucky in righting the boat, which was riding a rising wave on its side now. There was a moment of panic that saw all five young men staring wide-eyed at the incredible

sight of a world turned on its side in the midst of rushing walls of dark, foaming waters.

“This is it!” Lucky gasped as he and Cotton spun the helm uselessly, trying to control a rudder that was no longer even in the water. “We’re goin’ down!”

Pricks wilted and faces paled as the Apollo rose to a new crest, still listing forty degrees to port. The guys could see that a good third of portside was underwater as the boat skidded crazily over the billowing crest of another wave. They all held their breaths when they heard the engine sputter and nearly stall. When the engine began to roar again, everybody sighed in relief.

Then, as the boat zoomed wildly down the other side of the giant wave it had just topped, the world slowly righted itself again. Water gushed from the deck below as the Apollo rose triumphantly into an upright position once more. With the rudder in the water again, Lucky and Cotton were able to head the bow into the wind at last. The engine settled into a droning purr as the props synchronized once more.

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph!” Shawn said, making the sign of the cross almost unconsciously while his limber cock swung from his open fly. His red hair was askew and his face was pallid.

“Just look at yourself!” Cotton said, trying to conceal an ironic smile. “Standing there with your prick flying at half-mast and making the sign of the cross... I’ll never understand you.”

“I couldn’t help it,” Shawn laughed self-consciously. “It just comes out during times of stress. Religious, that is — not my cock.”

Everyone laughed, relieving the awful tension that had built up. Rick got up from the floor and helped Damon up. But Damon stopped when he got to his knees, bent forward and took Rick’s flaccid prick into his mouth quickly.

“No!” Rick snapped, yanking his cock from Damon’s mouth, “I’m doing the cocksucking this time around, man. Understand?” He patted the top of Damon’s head. “I deserve a mouthful of cum. You guys have had more than your share already.”

CHAPTER TEN

Damon's cock stiffened quickly again in Rick's sucking mouth. Sitting on his haunches and naked, Rick held onto the sexy teenager's hard-muscled legs and fucked his handsome face on his prick. Damon still had his ragged cut-offs on, and his cock and balls were exposed where the lower edge of the shorts had been pushed up. The hard cock and hairy balls protruding from beneath the grayed denim made the blow-job seem deliciously naughty to Rick.

The great rolling tidal waves has subsided, but the Apollo was still lurching and listing precariously on the storm-tossed sea, and incredibly intense rain pelted the big windows of the pilothouse, obscuring the view most of the time.

"I'll take the helm for a while, Lucky," Cotton said. He patted Lucky's broad shoulder. "Good job. You got us through the worst of it."

"We're not out of the woods yet," Lucky said. "But I need a break." He rubbed his massive cock-bulge as he stepped over beside Damon and Rick.

Damon reached out and ran his hand over his studly lover's firm, flat belly, exploring the bare flesh between the top of his jeans and the lower edge of his midriff T-shirt.

Shawn watched with mounting excitement while Lucky and Damon kissed and Rick went on sucking Damon's cock. Shawn unfastened his jeans and flopped his hardening prick out as he stepped over beside Lucky.

While they continued kissing, Damon undid Lucky's jeans and pushed them down over his hips, revealing his bare loins. Lucky's colossal cock was already hard and it sprang free of his tight jeans and thumped up against his stomach, bobbing near Rick's cheek.

Wild tingles raced up and down Rick's spine and the hair on the back of his neck stood up with excitement as he realized what was happening. He had a hard prick in his mouth, and two more cocks were being wagged near his face.

He slurped his mouth from Damon's cock, looking up at Shawn and Lucky with lustful eyes. "I want to suck all you guys off, and I want you to come in my mouth," he said, enjoying hearing himself say it. "I love your big juicy pricks!" He sucked on the head of Shawn's cock for a moment, then quickly moved to Lucky's horse-prick, sucking the giant wedge of his cock-knob into his mouth.

"Hey!" Damon blurted, grabbing Rick by the hair of his head. "One at a time, man... and I'm first!" He pulled Rick's face from Lucky's crotch and jammed his cock back into the young stud's mouth.

Thrilled by the boy's masterful attitude, Rick began to suck hungrily on his cock while he caressed his hairy balls. And, while he sucked Damon's cock, Rick maneuvered onto his knees and thrust his naked ass upward, knowing that Lucky Donovan wouldn't be able to keep from fucking him.

Lucky looked at Rick's adorable suntanned butt for a few seconds. His gigantic prick lurched in his hand as he recalled the pleasures of the night before. He glanced at Shawn, who was also eying Rick's vulnerable ass anxiously.

"That cock-trap ass of his is too fuckin' sweet to resist," Lucky said, quickly dropping to his knees behind Rick.

"Yeah," Shawn agreed, somewhat disappointed that he hadn't moved faster and beat Lucky to Rick's ass. "He's super-fuckable."

Rick released Damon's cock from his mouth and looked back at Lucky. "You can fuck me a little if you want to, but don't cum up my butt. I want your load in my mouth. Okay, stud?"

"Right," Lucky said as he wedged his massive cock-knob between Rick's smooth brown buns and into the crack of his ass.

"Suck!" Damon commanded, grabbing Rick's hair again and forcing his cock back into his mouth.

Rick drew back again, looking back at Lucky. "Be cruel," he said excitedly. "I like it that way!"

"I'll show you how to get cruel!" Damon snapped irritably.

He grabbed Rick's hair, yanking hard this time as he fucked his hard prick down his throat, jamming his hairy groin roughly against Rick's soft lips. Then, holding Rick's head by his hair, the aroused teenager began to fuck his face brutally, causing air to burst from Rick's nostrils every time the cockhead jammed into his tight throat.

At the same time, Lucky shoved hard, fucking his giant cock painfully into Rick's resisting asshole. The thick shaft of his cock plunged inward, dragging Rick's sore and raw ass-ring in with it. The hairy flesh of the crevice of Rick's ass was stretched tautly as his clasping sphincter tried to follow the plunging prick into the depths of his guts.

Rick gurgled on Damon's cock as he felt his ass-guts being pushed asunder by the plunging of Lucky's massive fucker. Pain radiated from his ravaged asshole, surging through his loins. Lucky began to fuck Rick's ass vigorously, coordinating his fuck-thrusts with Damon's fucking of the young stud's mouth. They fucked in unison, simultaneously scouring Rick's smooth buns and his soft lips with wiry pubic hair on each inward fuck-thrust. It was heaven for Rick Marinaro. At last, he had a cock up his ass and another cock fucking his mouth. He only wished he had yet another fuck-hole with which to accommodate Shawn's prick.

Shawn, who was entertaining similar notions, began jabbing his drooling cockhead against Rick's ear — as if actually expecting to fuck him in the ear. Rick reached up and grasped Shawn's cock, rubbing the prick-tip against his cheek while his mouth was stuffed with Damon's cock-meat. Shawn's warm, slippery pre-cum coated the side of Rick's face with glistening slime.

“You silly shit,” Cotton chuckled, having seen Shawn trying to fuck Rick in the ear.

The crotch of Cotton's jeans was bulging hugely as he watched the orgy. The boat was still difficult to control, but Cotton couldn't keep from looking at what they were doing. Rick, who was naked and kneeling, had Damon's cock fucking his face while Lucky, who had his jeans wadded around his ankles, was fucking Rick's ass dog-style. Shawn was lewdly wiping his pre-cum all over Rick's beautiful face. Rick was unfastening Shawn's jeans, pulling them down. Shawn's creamy white buns and

suntanned thighs came into view for Cotton, causing his cock to jerk within the tight confines of his pants.

“Damn this storm,” Cotton muttered, struggling with the helm and wishing he could participate in the fucking.

Suddenly, Cotton realized Rick Marinaro had done it again — driven the whole crew into a raging fuck-lust. They were as unable to stop themselves from fucking Rick as they were to halt the raging hurricane outside. Simply because Rick was there, and because he was so beautiful, they couldn’t keep from fucking him. Paradoxically, the bronze-skinned, black-haired young god’s total submissiveness gave him total dominance over the four seamen.

Rick hung onto Damon’s slim hips while the teenager fucked his face viciously. While he gasped noisily around the mouthful of cock-meat, Rick wagged his butt, churning Lucky’s big fucker in his hot ass-guts. Damon tore at Rick’s lush hair while Lucky slapped his bare hips hard, the two cocks plunging in and out of his body at the same fast tempo.

Shawn got down on the floor and wedged himself beneath Rick’s crotch, where he could see Lucky’s thick prick fucking in and out of Rick’s grossly stretched asshole. Rick’s balls, covered with curly black hair, dangled against Shawn’s face. The redhead grasped Rick’s hard-on guiding it downward and into his mouth. He closed his soft moist lips around the veined shaft of Rick’s cock and lay still, allowing Rick to fuck his mouth.

Rick moaned blissfully around Damon’s cock, which was plunging into his mouth to the balls, flattening the boy’s balls against his chin. Rick undulated his hips, fucking Shawn’s hot wet mouth and fucking his ass on Lucky’s big prick at the same time. The sharp pain in his cock-stuffed ass lessened, and the joyous pleasure he knew would come took over.

Lying on his back beneath Rick’s crotch, Shawn sucked on the young stud’s cock while it fucked his mouth. The glossy black hair of Rick’s balls tickled his nose, and he had a close-up view of Lucky’s gigantic cock-lance slithering in and out of Rick’s ass, dragging the guy’s clenching ass-ring in and out with every powerful fuck-thrust. Shawn felt Rick’s fingers curl around his throbbing cock and begin to jack him off, arousing him even more.

In a state of high excitement, Shawn released Rick's prick from his mouth and scooted a bit farther under his crotch. He flicked his tongue out, licking hotly around the perimeter of Rick's stretched sphincter, touching Lucky's fucking cock with his tongue as it plunged in and out.

“Oh yeah!” Lucky cried when he felt Shawn’s tongue lapping down there. “Lick it, man! Lick that fuckin’ cock and asshole!”

Cotton was watching all this with increasing excitement, hating it because he had to say with the helm. During a momentary lull in the heavy surges that tossed the Apollo about, Cotton held the wheel with one hand and opened his jeans, dragging his hard cock and balls out. His blonde-furred balls bounced rapidly as he began to jack his nine-inch prick furiously.

Outside, the torrential rain continued and the wind howled like a banshee, whistling through the bridge railings and creating eerie whooshing sounds as it howled around the pilothouse. Although occasional high waves still washed over the main deck, the colossal mountains of rolling water that had threatened to sink the Apollo earlier were no longer occurring. Cotton knew the worst was behind them now, so he grasped the helm with one hand and beat his meat with the other while he watched the orgy.

Suddenly, Damon began to grunt and groan loudly, holding Rick by the ears and fucking his mouth with barbaric force.

Rick readied himself for the first load of cum he had ever taken in his mouth. His asshole quivered around Lucky’s fucking prick as he anxiously awaited Damon’s cum-load. The boy was hurting his ears and pummeling his throat mercilessly, and he loved every second of it.

“Take it, man!” Damon yelled. “Take my jizz down your fuckin’ throat!”

In the next instant, hot cum belched from Damon’s prick, filling Rick’s mouth and gushing down his throat. The cock fucking so violently into Rick’s throat acted as a plunger, forcing the sticky fluid down his gullet and causing loud gurgling noises within his throat. Damon stood still and yanked back and forth on Rick’s ears, jacking off with the young stud’s face. Soon, milky streams of Damon’s jism gurgled from the corners of Rick’s pretty lips, jism forced from his mouth by the wild plunging action

of the cockhead in his throat. Trails of warm pearly cum dribbled down Rick's chin and ran down his neck, even as Damon's cock pumped more cum into his mouth.

After what seemed an eternity of rough mouth-fucking by the wildly aroused teenager, Rick felt the slimy cock slither from his lips, trailing warm blobs of cum onto his chin. The next thing he knew, Damon was wiping his cummy prick on his face, using his handsome face as if it were a dirty rag. Rick moved his tongue, swishing Damon's voluminous cum-load around in his mouth, savoring the flavor of the creamy jism. Smiling wickedly, he swallowed, enjoying the feeling of the thick cum going down his throat.

Damon moved away and sat down on the floor, exhausted and satisfied. His cum-slimed cock and hairy balls dangled from his abbreviated cut-offs, the head of his cock resting against the floor.

Rick stared for a moment at the boy's glossy prick, lying long and limp between his legs now, still dribbling sporadic droplets of cum. It pleased Rick to see formerly strong, hard pricks reduced to soft, useless things when he was through with them. It made him feel as if he had taken all they had to give.

Lucky was still fucking Rick's ass, and Shawn was still lapping around where cock and asshole met. Rick could feel Shawn's tongue licking around his ass-ring where it was clasped around Lucky's embedded cock, and once he felt Shawn's tongue accidentally pushing into his ass along with the plunging cock. The ass-fucking felt marvelous, but Rick wanted more cum in his mouth — especially Lucky Donovan's cum.

“Come around here and fuck my mouth, stud!” Rick said, looking over his shoulder at Lucky.

“I like it back here,” Lucky grinned, pounding the cock-meat to Rick's ass. “Suck somebody else off.”

Rick lurched forward, slithering Lucky's foot-long fucker from his ass with a loud suctioning sound and dragging his balls across Shawn's chest. Shawn sat up abruptly, startled by the suddenness of the uncoupling. Rick dived between Lucky's legs, intending to take the big greasy prick into his mouth. But Lucky held Rick's shoulders, keeping him out of reach.

“You didn’t ask for my permission, Rick,” Lucky said ominously, his huge, gleaming cock bobbing just inches from Rick’s mouth.

“Please,” Rick whispered, his eyes focused on the fist-sized head of Lucky’s prick.

“Please, what?”

“Please, sir — let me suck your big juicy prick and lick my ass-juices off it. Please, sir?” Rick never looked up, but kept his eyes riveted to Lucky’s dripping cock.

“That’s better,” Lucky smiled, feeling in control again.

He released his grip on Rick’s shoulders. Rick slid between Lucky’s thighs while he sat back on his haunches. Opening his mouth widely, he slipped his soft lips over the big glossy cock-knob. Then, while he grasped the thick base of Lucky’s prick with both hands, Rick bobbed and twisted his head, sucking hungrily on the big stud’s animal-like prick. He loved the grossness of tasting fuck-juices from his own ass on the giant cock, which was so freakishly large he couldn’t take more than a third of it into his mouth.

Rick settled onto his belly, sprawling his legs in the hopes Shawn would fuck his ass while he busied himself sucking Lucky’s cock. Damon, who was still sitting nearby recovering, looked with interest at Rick’s suntanned butt, all shiny along the ass-crevice from Lucky’s fucking and Shawn’s licking. Damon grasped his wilted cock and shook it, finding it limp and useless. He shrugged his shoulders and kept looking at Rick’s sexy ass.

Shawn, who has also been looking, was better equipped for the job. His cock was hard and ready as he crawled between Rick’s sprawled legs and swiped the head of his cock up and down in the stud’s wet ass-crack. Still sucking voraciously on Lucky’s prick, Rick responded instantly by humping his naked ass upward to meet Shawn’s prick.

Lucky and Damon watched Shawn sink his cock into the swarthy young man’s anxious ass in one swift fuck-stroke, jamming his red-furred balls hard against the smooth asscheeks. Shawn began to fuck vigorously, his balls bouncing against Rick’s buns as his prick slithered in and out of the buttery hotness of his ass-guts.

Rick hardly felt Shawn's rather average-sized prick fucking his ass after having had Lucky Donovan's foot-long hunk of cock stuffing him just a few minutes before. But the mild friction felt nice, so Rick met Shawn's fuck-thrusts with upward lurches of his butt, making the fucking good for Shawn.

While Rick sucked lovingly on his cock, Lucky leaned forward and grasped his brown buns, pressing his thumbs into his ass-crevice and feeling Shawn's cock fucking in and out. Lucky inserted both thumbs in Rick's asshole along either side of Shawn's prick, stretching his slippery sphincter. Rick squirmed his butt, loving the way Lucky's thumbs were spreading his ass-ring while Shawn's prick plunged in and out of the gaping hole. The sensation was strange for Shawn. With Lucky holding Rick's sphincter open, Shawn's cock was fucking into the squishy interior of Rick's guts without the clasping of the ass-ring around his cock-shaft. It was like fucking a bowl of warm oatmeal.

Lucky began to shudder as his climax approached. He thrust his hips upward, fucking the big blunt head of his prick roughly against the back of Rick's throat while he clawed at his fucked ass. He jammed several fingers into Rick's asshole alongside Shawn's prick, wallowing his fingers in the young stud's buttery ass-guts to psyche himself up for a monumental cum.

Abruptly, Lucky yanked his fingers from Rick's ass and reared back, grabbing Rick's head with his greasy fingers.

“Get ready for a mouthful of hot jizz!” he said hoarsely.

Then, before Rick could prepare himself, Lucky pushed his head down violently, forcing the immense rubber cock-knob into the small opening of his throat. Rick's throat muscles clenched and convulsed, rebelling at the impossibility of it. The tip of the cockhead wedged in the narrow channel of his throat, cutting off his breathing.

A second later, Rick felt something like an explosion in his throat as cum blasted from Lucky's prick, gushing directly down his throat. His esophagus became a canal for pressurized cum as Lucky discharged a continuous series of explosive blasts of jism. Strangling under the onslaught of such a massive cum-load, Rick pushed hard against Lucky's stomach, trying vainly to dislodge the gigantic cock from his throat.

But the muscle-bound blonde was much stronger than Rick, and he held the young stud's head down firmly, keeping his cock deeply embedded in his mouth. While Rick struggled to deal with Lucky's cum-gushing prick, Shawn went on fucking his sloppy ass frenziedly. Rick could feel the redhead's hairy balls slapping into his crotch, but he barely felt the fucking. After being fucked by Lucky Donovan, an ordinary prick up the butt seemed nothing more than a minor annoyance.

Finally, Lucky relented and released Rick's head, permitting him to raise up, bringing the cockhead from the back of his throat into the cavity of his mouth. Rick sucked air through his nostrils, filling his starved lungs with oxygen while Lucky's cock filled his mouth with spunk. He thought Lucky's horse-cock would never stop belching cum. His Adam's apple bobbed rapidly as he kept swallowing the flood of warm cock-cream.

When the big blonde hunk finished pumping his cum-load into Rick's sucking lips, unwilling to relinquish the super-cock, were dragged outward by the withdrawing prick. The big cock slurped noisily from his mouth, arching downward like a boa constrictor as Lucky sat back on his haunches.

Licking drools of cum from his lips, Rick grasped Lucky's hips and pressed his face down into his blonde pubic hair, lazily lapping his tongue at the base of his cock. He was only vaguely aware of Shawn still fucking his ass, and he felt Lucky's big hands caressing the back of his neck.

Raising his head, Rick looked at Lucky's cock. It was softening now, drooping and wet with cum and saliva, but it was still a huge hunk of cock-meat. He took the big limber prick in his hands, flopping it around and smiling. Once again, he had reduced Lucky Donovan's super-cock to a pale ghost of the glorious thing it had once been.

“I’m about to cum!” Shawn blurted, slapping his groin hard against Rick’s asscheeks as he went into a rapid fucking tempo.

“No!” Rick yelled. “Not in my ass!”

He jumped up suddenly, disengaging his asshole from Shawn’s prick. Shawn fell over to one side, taken by surprise.

“Awww, shit!” Shawn gasped as milky streamers of cum shot from the tip of his cock, splattering onto the floor.

“You jerk!” Rick said in disgust as he dived between Shawn’s legs and clamped his mouth over the guy’s cum-spouting prick.

Shawn looked on in bewilderment as Rick, seemingly possessed by a demon that made him seek cum, sucked the remainder of his cum-load from his cock. Sucking fervently in an effort to salvage what was left in Shawn’s balls, Rick slurped his hot lips down to the very base of Shawn’s cock, pressing his nose into the auburn hair of his crotch. He squeezed Shawn’s balls gently, trying to milk him dry. The faint aroma of ass-fucking lingered about the base of Shawn’s prick, and that made it all the more delicious to Rick.

By the time Rick had finished sucking on Shawn’s cock, Lucky had taken the helm and Cotton was stripping for action. He took off every stitch of clothing and came naked to Rick, who was lying on the floor panting. Rick’s cock was standing up stiffly, a heavy drool of pre-cum flowing from his piss-slit.

“Want me to get you off too?” Cotton asked, standing over Rick and jacking his nine-inch cock.

“Yeahhh,” Rick breathed hornily as he began to beat his meat while he gazed up at Cotton’s suntanned body.

Cotton mounted Rick in a sixty-nine position, and they began sucking each other off wildly. Cotton fucked his cock into Rick’s mouth while bobbing his head over Rick’s upthrust prick. While Cotton’s big cock plundered his throat, Rick ran his hands sensuously over his muscular thighs, feeling the soft golden down that covered his smooth flesh. And, while he sucked Rick’s cock, Cotton ran his fingers through the thicket of black glossy hair surrounding the base of the cock. The two men were opposites in every way, and they enjoyed experiencing each other all the more because of that.

Both studs were in such a state of high excitement that the climaxed too soon. Rick felt in a wave of welcome relief surge through his tense body as he blasted his pent-up cum into Cotton’s warm moist mouth. At almost the same time, Cotton filled Rick’s sucking mouth with hot spurts of gooey jism. Rick swallowed cum frantically while he bounced his ass up off the floor, still fucking Cotton’s mouth.

“Hey, guys!” Lucky shouted excitedly. “The rain’s stopped and the wind’s settling down. I think we’re already out of it!”

“That’s impossible,” Damon said, getting up and peering out. “Well, by God, it is looking good out there! Maybe we got lucky, and just the edge of the storm grazed us.”

“And then again,” Shawn said, standing up and looking out, “maybe we’re in the eye of the fucking hurricane!”

Cotton rolled off Rick and clambered to his feet, breathing hard. He went to the big window and surveyed the scene outside.

“We got lucky,” he sighed with relief. “If we were in the eye of the storm, there’d be blue skies overhead. Damon was right. The storm just grazed us — we’re on the edge of it now.”

“Goddamn!” Lucky exclaimed happily. “Tampa Bay sure is gonna be one pretty sight when we get back.”

Rick was lying on the floor with one knee propped up, a creamy-dreamy expression on his handsome face. The delicate bouquet of cum remained on his lips, and he didn’t care if they never saw Tampa again. He had everything he wanted aboard the Apollo.

“Hey, Rick,” Cotton said, smiling down at the reclining young stud. “Why don’t you tell the Fisheries Service to take that job and shove it? We could use one more crewman — if you can put up with us. How about it?”

“I’m with you guys,” Rick said. Then he winked at Cotton and smiled. “Thanks, man. I was hoping you’d say something like that.”

The rest of the crew — including Damon West — cheered the captain’s decision. Rick Marinaro, odd man out at the beginning of the voyage, was in solid now.

Rick cupped his hands behind his head and lay back, smiling remotely, satisfied with the way things had turned out. He was there to serve their needs, and to lay waste to their standing army of hard cocks.

THE END